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CENTRAL ITALY.

THE proceedings of the Italian States appear thus far to have been conducted without a single mistake. The highest in rank and wealth have, by the free choice of their countrymen, been enabled to prove themselves the first defenders of the national dignity and independence. The list of speakers and leaders in the Tuscan Assembly forms a sufficient commentary on the insolent assertion that Liberalism in Italy was confined to secret societies organized for anarchical purposes. Mr. DISRAELI borrowed the phrase from the cant of the absolutist police, and he has several times reproduced it, in the hope of proving his minute acquaintance with the recondite springs of foreign transactions. It was always the Austrian and Neapolitan custom to affect ignorance of any opposition except that of real or imaginary revolutionists and desperadoes. By this time, however, Mr. DISRAELI must be convinced that men like GINO CAPOSSI and his colleagues are not in the habit of swearing each other to secrecy by torchlight over a bowl of blood. Even Lord NORMANBY can scarcely persist in regarding the unanimous expression of Tuscan feeling as a mixed product arising from Sardinian intrigue and domestic terror. The natural leaders of the people, not content with proclaiming the freedom of their country, have adopted all the means within their reach for securing it against foreign dictation. They have placed at the head of their forces the most famous of Italian soldiers, and, above all, they have resolved, if possible, to form part of a State which may henceforth vindicate its own position in Europe. The three Duchies, united with Lombardy and Piedmont, would form a territory sufficiently considerable to exclude all pretext for interference on the part of France or of Austria.

Against the accomplishment of so reasonable a project not an objection can be urged except the family interests of the deposed Princes, the natural antagonism of Austria, and the purely selfish opposition of France. It is idle to discuss the merits of dynasties which are deliberately rejected by their former subjects. The Tuscans had abundant reason to complain of their GRAND DUKE, but it is enough to know that they have deposed him from the throne. The difference between the petty tyrant of Modena and the respectable Regent of Parma is not material to the political question. The absurd demand that an exception should be made in favour of an infant Prince because his mother is a sensible lady scarcely admits of serious discussion. If family tendencies are to be considered, the little DUKE must suffer for the sins of a father whose assassination was held by all men to be excusable, and of a grandfather—once the Don Giovanni of Lucca, and now a private gentleman—who well knows that the best act of his reign was his abdication.

The Emperor NAPOLEON may be influenced by several motives in his opposition to the formation of a North Italian kingdom. The hasty promise, given under an urgent need of peace, at Villafranca probably represents itself to his mind as an honourable obligation. He may consider that the supremacy of France in Italy will be weakened by the creation of a native Power; and it is even possible that he may still intend to establish a branch of his family at Florence. The patriotic leaders in the Duchies wisely act for themselves, without waiting for a sanction which is in itself more probable than a previous permission. If they are defeated in their object, they will at least throw on their imperious patron the responsibility of rendering impossible that national existence which lately served as the nominal pretext for a sanguinary war. The Emperor of the FRENCH may claim all reasonable attention to his wishes, on the ground that the emancipation of the Duchies was originally rendered possible by the entrance of his army into Italy. On the other hand, the people had a right to take advantage of

any opportunity, and if they are able to defend themselves against the unassisted efforts of their late rulers, no foreign Power is justified in a forcible intervention.

The progress of events has simplified the question of entering the Congress as far as the English Government is concerned. Lord JOHN RUSSELL rightly declared that, as a preliminary condition, the great Powers must recognise the decision of the Duchies as to their own internal government; but the resolution to annex themselves to Piedmont was not ostensibly contemplated in the course of the Parliamentary debate. If Tuscany had either received back the House of LORRAINE, or selected a foreign Prince as the successor of her late ruler, Lord JOHN RUSSELL would have acted in conformity with all precedent by treating the new dynasty as established and legitimate. The formation of a new State by the agglomeration of neighbouring districts is, according to the theory of public law, a more serious proceeding. It is highly necessary to maintain a right of protest which may at some future time serve as a precedent for discountenancing the aggrandizement of a preponderating Power; yet, as a general rule, it is the policy of England to multiply the number of substantive States at the expense of insignificant Principalities which are unable to provide for their own defence. Notwithstanding the visible leaning of English statesmen, the maintenance of Parma or of Tuscany is not only useless, but undesirable. The increase of the Piedmontese monarchy was the only desirable object likely to be furthered by the war, and the principal blunder of Lord MALMESBURY consisted in the stupid pertinacity with which he denounced Count CAVOUR's salutary ambition. Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues, even if they wish to promote the objects of the Italian patriots, may reasonably doubt the readiness of any other Great Power to concur in their views. It is hardly worth while to enter a Congress with the certainty of being outvoted; and if the union is, in fact, effected, the new State may be recognised without waiting for the consent of any other Government. Mr. CANNING established a precedent of independent action when he sent Ministers to the South American Republics in defiance of the remonstrances of Austria and Russia, and at the risk of a serious misunderstanding with France. If the occasion arises, the English Government ought at the earliest moment to recognise VICTOR EMMANUEL as King of a territory extending to the border of the Roman States. The KING himself will probably act most prudently in meeting the invitation of the different Assemblies with a provisional and yet cordial acceptance.

The great, and perhaps fatal, difficulty concerns the Legations, where both the Emperors agree in the policy of restoring the mean and hateful tyranny of the POPE. The provisional Government at Bologna seems to be acting with the same remarkable firmness and moderation which have distinguished all the Italian leaders of the present day. The Red Republican auxiliaries of Rome and Vienna are required to leave the country, and GAVAZZI will once more have to astonish English country towns, instead of complicating a great national movement by an unseasonable schism. Unfortunately, the immovable master of Central Italy still remains at his post, and the patriots are legally in the position of insurgents against a *de facto* Government. PIUS IX., who has always maintained that it is unlawful for the Father of the Faithful to engage in foreign wars, reserves the right of shooting and riding down his own disobedient subjects. In 1849, he stormed Rome with French arms, ravaged the Adriatic coast with Austrian forces, and for further security he crowded his southern provinces with invaders from Naples and from Spain. It appears that he is now, under the patronage of his Imperial allies, about to use his own flag, and that amongst other recruits, he has enlisted many of the disbanded mercenaries who have recently been sent away from Naples.

Even if he considers himself able to dispense with foreign auxiliaries in the field, the French garrison will keep his capital in submission; and finally, there is too much reason to fear that violence and wrong will triumph, under the name of religion, over free and noble aspirations. It is doubtful, however, whether the oppression of the Roman States will prepare the way for a foreign invasion of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma. In any case, it may be hoped that the English Government, if it is unable to prevent the reconquest of the Legations, will abstain from all participation in the demand or concession of so-called reforms. It is not worth while to enter on a Congress in the hope of converting a dungeon into a sanctimonious model prison.

IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

IF the proceedings of an Irish conclave or synod could be witnessed by the profane, they would probably present a curious spectacle. Augurs in the modern Rome, as in the ancient, are incapable of laughing in each other's faces, and probably the Roman Catholic prelates in Ireland pretend, with the most edifying gravity, to deliberate on conclusions which have been previously settled by one or two of the leaders, or by the especial organ of the Holy See. When the question of education is stirred, the dullest heretic can divine that the national system is to be denounced; nor is it difficult to guess at the texts of Scripture which will be quoted in support of the pretensions of the Church. The command to "go and teach all nations" vested in the successors of the Apostles a rightful monopoly of instruction in Greek, mathematics, and civil engineering. According to the same elastic authority, the Puritans were justified in shooting and hanging their enemies, because SAMUEL hewed AGAG in pieces, or because PHINEAS arose and executed judgment. There never was a proposition which could not be proved by a text; and perhaps the effect is the more complete when the citation is taken from the Vulgate. To the outward world the show of episcopal deliberation is an unaccountable superfluity. The familiar *Tu es Petrus*, with all its marvellous consequences, might as well be thundered out at the beginning as at the end of the proceedings.

The recent Dublin synod may be supposed to have some connexion with the schools and colleges of Ireland, but it is difficult to understand its claims to interfere with the politics of Italy. If priests may meddle with all matters for which they can direct their flocks to pray, there is no reason why a synod should not occupy itself with a reform of the tariff, or with an agitation for the further use of paper money. In the present instance, the faithful in Ireland are called upon to storm heaven with petitions for the maintenance of the Papal despotism, and therefore for the revival of Austrian oppression. Patriots, in their intervals of cursing the Saxon intruder, are to invoke the presence of German soldiers in Italian cities; and the whole Roman Catholic population is to denounce as rebellious and blasphemous another Roman Catholic population nearly as large as itself, and incomparably more civilized and intelligent. In the entire transaction there is nothing so offensive or so instructive as the utter indifference of the priests to the rights and interests of the laity. In all Romagna it would be difficult to find either a Protestant or a political partisan of the POPE. Piedmont and Tuscany, Lombardy and the Duchies, while they adhere to the Romish confession of faith, are as unanimous in repudiating the old system of government as England, or France, or America in asserting their national independence. To the holy synod the voice of co-religionists matters nothing when their rights conflict with the temporal interests of the POPE. The fair provinces of Italy are regarded as mere estates which have been wrested from their lawful owner; and the question is not whether the government of the Church is just and beneficent, but as to the soundness and antiquity of its parchments. It would not be difficult to discover flaws in the deduction of title, and the Legations would not be reconciled to servitude by the clearest demonstration that they had legally inherited their chains.

There is no doubt that the claims of the Popes on their various territories date far back in the Middle Ages. PEPIN and CHARLEMAGNE and the Countess MATILDA gave provinces in return for benedictions; and the Holy See from time to time occupied what it could, and kept alive in its archives its indefeasible title to the remainder. Sometimes the Popes were popular as the chiefs of the GUELPHS, and

they always fought and intrigued against the distant EMPEROR. The period when they "reigned peaceably from sea to sea" exists in no Italian history, except in the oral tradition of episcopal synods. Among the princes and party chiefs of the Peninsula they were often the ablest, and sometimes not the worst. One of the most famous of the number, who added largely to the possessions of the Church, was described with humour and simplicity by his contemporary and rival, MAXIMILIAN, King of the Romans. "*Eterne Deus*," said the successor of CÆSAR, meditating on himself and on the heir of St. PETER, "but for thy reigning, how ill the world would be off (*nisi regnares quam male esset mundus*)—" the world which we govern—I, a mere sporting character ("*quem gubernamus, ego, miser venator*)"—I, and that drunken villain, JULIUS (*et ebrius iste ac sceleratus, Julius*)." At present, the rights of the POPES date, not from immemorial antiquity, but from the Congress of Vienna. It will be sufficiently difficult to settle the future condition of the territories which they have misgoverned; and it scarcely seems probable that the difficulty will be diminished by the prayers of Irish congregations. If they must interfere with matters which it is impossible that they should understand, they may confine themselves to the petition that those who have lived under the POPE's sovereignty may continue, if they wish it, to enjoy the same inestimable blessing.

PIUS IX. is neither a drunken reprobate nor a turbulent warrior, and the unctuous phrases which have infected ecclesiastical rhetoric with pervading mendacity are easily applied to the mild, complacent, decorous, and almost well-meaning bigot. The fathers of the synod are ill-advised in recalling his early promises of Liberalism, which, as they say, almost made Englishmen pardon his religion. Englishmen, although they know that religious convictions require no pardon, will not easily fall a second time into the error of applauding a reforming Pope. The momentary idol of his countrymen took advantage of their confidence to betray them to Austria, and he has steadily broken all his earlier promises while he has been supported by the libicide arms of France. Yet it is not with the priest or the Head of the Church that Englishmen or Italian patriots quarrel. The practical proof that a Pope can never favour liberty or national unity is independent of the personal character of PIUS IX. or of his successors. To Protestants at a distance the result is but an intellectual deduction. The Roman Catholics of Italy know and feel the truth with a more practical and intuitive certainty.

The pardonable eulogies of the Irish bishops on the POPE are rendered utterly worthless by their entire irrelevance to the theory of his sacred rights. It is perfectly evident that the vilest miscreant who ever disgraced the Papal chair would receive the same support and sympathy if there were a question of emancipating his subjects from his tyranny. The argument would, in truth, be stronger if the dissatisfaction of Central Italy were caused by the occasional misrule of an unworthy Pontiff. It is because PIUS IX., though a bad Sovereign, is a passable Pope, that the vices of the system may be fairly regarded as incurable. There is a characteristic audacity in the assertion that the statesmen and patriots of Italy are assailing from criminal motives a grievance which is only imaginary or fictitious. The Irish bishops tell their flocks in substance that the English Government habitually denies them justice; and if an Italian assembly declared that their complaints were factious and frivolous, they would probably decline the jurisdiction of foreign opinion. In their own country they enjoy full liberty to wrangle and grumble, and they might assume that in Italy popular discontent is not necessarily unfounded. Perhaps, however, the temporal and political infallibility of the POPE may soon be established as an article of faith. A diligent search will not fail to be rewarded by prophetic texts, condemning the Legations to perpetual degradation.

AUSTRIAN REFORMS.

ALMOST immediately after the Peace of Villafranca had startled Europe, a further, though smaller, shock of surprise was produced by a declaration that Austria was going to reform. This week, the official journal of Vienna tells us that the first great step in reform has been taken; but the intelligence has been conveyed in a shape which to English readers may not perhaps seem quite so significant as it really is. One of the greatest changes of internal policy that Austria could undergo is intimated in the simple announcement that Baron BACH has been appointed Ambas-

sador to Rome. Baron BACH is the representative, and in a great measure the author, of the new system of governing which, since the accession of the present EMPEROR, has been substituted for the old method of Austrian rule. He has been the chief instrument in superseding local government under a native aristocracy, and putting in its stead a bureaucratic centralization. This change has been received with the very greatest dislike in a large portion of the Austrian dominions, and the dismissal of Baron BACH from the Ministry of the Interior, and his banishment into honourable exile, means that the opponents of centralization have—partially at least, and temporarily—triumphed. The attempt to work all Austria from Vienna by an administration of *préfets*, as France is worked from Paris, has proved a failure. We cannot possibly say how far the reaction may extend, nor, if local liberty is restored, whether it will be carried further, or be better used, than in old days. But the bureaucracy was so evidently draining the life-blood out of Austria, and it made all improvement so impossible, that the first thing to achieve, before anything further could be thought of, was to get rid of its great originator and mainstay. Austria has at least got so far on the road to a happier future that she has cleared herself for the present of Baron BACH.

Before the Revolution of 1848, the different provinces of Austria were administered in very different ways. Italy may be put entirely aside, as Lombardo-Venetia has always been to Austria a foreign possession, which it was a credit to her to possess, and which she felt bound to defend, but which was never an integral part of the Empire. North and east of the Alps, however, the differences in the method of administration were very important. The purely German provinces were administered very much like other German States, and there the Vienna bureaucracy had pretty much its own way. Bohemia held a kind of halfway position. There were centres of local administration, but, in the fierce struggle to which the religious enmities of the sixteenth century gave birth, the independence of Bohemia was crushed, and her representative councils merely retained functions closely resembling those of the French Parliaments—they only met to register the Imperial decrees. But in Hungary and its dependencies, as well as in Transylvania, there was real local independence, secured by constitutions dating far back in the Middle Ages. The different districts into which the provinces were divided were placed each under the government of a great landed proprietor, whose office nearly answered to that of a lord-lieutenant of an English county; and under him were his deputies, who were the chief proprietors of the locality. These great personages had a civil and criminal jurisdiction of considerable extent, and they maintained out of their own funds all the functionaries necessary to tell them what the law was and to see the law carried out. The whole administration of these provinces was, therefore, conducted at a sum incredibly small. There was, in fact, nobody to pay. The administrators of affairs were much too great people to think of taking money, and they themselves supported the dependents to whom they looked for the practical carrying on of the machinery. The independent provinces of Austria were, in short, managed in many respects as the provinces of France were managed in the days of HENRY IV.; and our own system of regulating English counties supplies us with a parallel which brings us down to a much later time.

It was the policy of METTERNICH to leave the provinces of Austria their local independence, and govern them by playing them off one against another. But SCHWARZENBERG, with Baron BACH as his coadjutor, adopted a policy exactly the contrary. In the days of the Revolution, Baron BACH was a very aggressive Liberal; but he changed sides exactly at the right moment, and convinced SCHWARZENBERG that he was worth securing as an ally. He also established a strong claim of gratitude on the EMPEROR; for to BACH, more than to any one else, it was due that the EMPEROR's uncle and father ceded their rights and gave him the crown of Austria when he was still almost a boy. He persuaded both SCHWARZENBERG and the EMPEROR to found a new kind of despotism. He wished Austria to go through exactly the same change as that which, in the days of LOUIS XIV., had swept away the power and prestige of the old aristocracy and placed France at the feet of a legion of hungry and servile bureaucrats. The House of Austria was to try whether it could not get rid of the danger which was supposed to lie in provincial independence, and protect itself by making a new dominant class, which should depend entirely for promotion and pay on the central authorities of Vienna. The scheme has been worked with

great courage and assiduity for nearly ten years. Baron BACH has laboured night and day to promote its success. But he has at last been beaten, partly by direct opposition, and partly by the great difficulty he found in obtaining decent officials. The nobles, who had been accustomed to a long-established local independence, would have nothing to do with the administration when they had to mix with a very low class of paid functionaries. To the Central Government, accustomed to the traditions and habits of a German province, this seemed very unimportant. The Austrian bureaucracy has never been exclusively, or even mainly, aristocratic, nor has it declined the services of men from any part of Germany. Baron HÜBNER may serve as an example of the height of Ministerial influence which is within the reach of a man of the lowest birth; and Baron BRUCK, far the ablest man now in the service of the Austrian Crown, came from Hamburg. But Austria had suddenly to hire administrators for her enormous Eastern provinces, and she could induce none but men of a very inferior stamp to go there. The local aristocracy regarded these new comers with very different feelings from those with which such functionaries would have been regarded in a German province. They felt very much as magistrates of an English county would feel if called upon by a sudden edict from the Home Office to make way for an influx of low Irish attorneys. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the system of administration inaugurated by Baron BACH has met with a deadly, though silent, opposition from the first; and that there were symptoms that, if Austria continued to suffer military reverses, this opposition would soon find a voice, and a very loud one.

Not only did the bureaucratic system threaten, if it succeeded, to subject Austria to the perils which overthrew the old French monarchy, and, if it failed, to bring the Eastern provinces into collision with the Central Government, but it was closely connected with the increasing difficulties in finance and the increasing pressure of religious despotism which have thrown so stern a gloom over the reign of the present EMPEROR. Under the old system of local government, there was nothing to pay for administration, and nothing for local police. The provincial diets and their component members not only managed their own affairs, but paid for their management. But when the Central Government began to manage everything, it had to pay for everything; and the consequence has been, that the civil expenses of Austria have gone on increasing so fast that Baron BRUCK, one of the ablest financiers in Europe, has been fairly beaten by an outlay to which there seemed no limit, and over which he has had no control. The policy of Ultramontanism was, moreover, called in to help the policy of German bureaucracy. It was under the auspices of Baron BACH that the Concordat was concluded with the POPE. The first consequence was an outbreak of persecution against the Protestants and Jews. The old provincial Governments had mostly held fast to the traditions of religious liberty, and it is a curious fact that Protestantism had been trampled out with a completeness in exact proportion to the influence of the Central Government. In the German provinces there were hardly any Protestants left—in Bohemia there were a few, but very few. In Hungary there was a very large number; and in the remoter Slavonic provinces, where the rival Church was not Reformed, but Greek, there was no superiority whatever accorded to Catholicism. But Hungarian Protestants and Slavonic Greeks soon began to feel the effects of the Concordat. Those two grand fields for ecclesiastical intolerance—the burial of the dead and mixed marriages—gave abundant occasion for an irritating interference. And the persecution had to be worked almost entirely from the centre of the ecclesiastical government; for the parish priests of Austria are, as a general rule, strongly opposed to the Concordat. Their sentiments are mostly what used to be called in England “high and dry.” They wish to be left to tend their own flocks in a practical, old-fashioned way, and have no relish for new dogmas. The Concordat was drawn up by the Papal NUNCIO and the Archbishop of VIENNA, and the clergy were neither consulted in framing it nor interested in executing it. The downfall of the centralizing system of secular government may therefore not improbably lead, if not to the abolition of the Concordat, at least to a great mitigation in its practical working. The official paper that announced Baron BACH's dismissal also announced that improvements would be made in the system of finance, and that concessions would be made to religious liberty. All three changes really hang together, and Austria is to be congratulated on

her rulers having been forced or persuaded to make them. But in speaking of a country like Austria we must never anticipate too much from any reforms. The probability is, if we may judge from the names of the new Ministry, that an attempt will be made to effect a compromise between the system of Baron BACH and the old system of government. To the minds of the EMPEROR and his advisers there is present the constant thought that, if the system of centralization is abandoned, the Eastern provinces may become happy and independent, while it is not by any means so clear that they will remain Austrian. There will accordingly be a disposition to favour centralization so far as it is practically possible. The struggle between the Vienna bureaucracy and the provincial proprietors will therefore continue, although in a milder shape, and it is much too soon at present to guess what the issue will be.

THE INDIAN LOAN.

THE slightly improved terms on which the Indian loan has been negotiated seem to indicate the operation of some new influences on the market. Up to the date of Lord STANLEY's operation, the declarations of Parliament that England would not, under any circumstances, hold herself liable for the Indian debt, had been so emphatic that people accepted as a fact one of the most palpable delusions which were ever invented to console the great tax-paying interest. The consequence was, that only a portion of the sum asked for was obtained, and that at a rate of interest of about $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In the few months that have since elapsed, the deficiencies to be provided for have proved to be greater than was generally anticipated. The contributions to the native loans have fallen far below the lowest estimate; the $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock is at a considerable discount in Calcutta; and a system of remittances from England to India has been commenced which is not likely to cease so long as the present financial maxims prevail. All these circumstances might have been expected to increase the difficulty of effecting a new loan in the London market, but Sir CHARLES WOOD has obtained about double the amount of subscriptions tendered to his predecessor, and the price of the stock has risen from 95 very nearly to par.

Various explanations have been suggested of this agreeable change. But the truth probably is, that the money market is just beginning to appreciate the fact that the much debated Imperial guarantee is far less dependent on Parliamentary declarations than on the force of inevitable circumstances. Nervous investors are naturally averse to a security which the principal debtor declines formally to acknowledge, but Sir CHARLES WOOD has not the less felt the advantage of the growing conviction that the Imperial guarantee is already an accomplished fact, however coy the House of Commons may be about accepting it. This feeling must inevitably increase, the more the subject is studied by those whose wits are sharpened by the prospect of gain. Throughout the discussion there have always been some who foresaw that an investment in Indian securities was certain, sooner or later, to produce a large profit when the real nature of the obligations of England should come to be understood and admitted. The number of those who have satisfied themselves of the soundness of such anticipations is increasing every day, and, as a necessary consequence, the price of Indian loans shows a tendency to rise, notwithstanding the discouraging accounts which continually arrive of increasing embarrassment at the local seat of Government.

That this is the true explanation of the upward movement of the market is almost conclusively proved by what at first sight appears an unintelligible anomaly. While the loan just raised by the Council is worth between 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the 5 per cent. stock created in India may be bought for 90 $\frac{1}{2}$., and a week ago might have been obtained on still more favourable terms. Both loans carry the same interest; both are payable, under the present regulations, in London; they rest according to law on the same security, viz., that of the Indian revenues; and the solitary difference is that the one is reckoned in pounds and the other in rupees, so as to involve the possibility of a slight fluctuation in relative value according to the course of exchange. This is quite as likely to work in favour of the one as of the other security, and is besides so insignificant in amount as to leave the difference of 10 per cent. wholly unaccounted for. The impression, however, appears to prevail that the home

loan has a firmer hold upon the credit of England than that which is raised in India. Perhaps it would be a shade more absurd and suicidal for the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to repudiate the obligations of a Secretary of State who sits in the same Cabinet with himself, and who takes his instructions from the same House of Commons which sanctions the English Budget, than it would be to throw overboard the liabilities incurred by a Governor-General who practically enjoys many of the prerogatives of an absolute monarch. We have not the least doubt that the whole Indian debt will, sooner or later, be admitted to participate in the guarantee of this country; but the belief that the policy and the duty of pledging the credit of the country for such obligations will be recognised in favour of the Council before it is extended to local loans is not unreasonable, and is probably the sole cause of the difference of 10 per cent. in the value of what are otherwise equivalent securities.

It may be, and probably will be, suggested by *laissez-faire* statesmen that, if the guarantee is thus gradually establishing itself, there is no necessity for any change in the mode of raising the loans which India may require. As the confidence in the actual existence of a real though unacknowledged liability advances, the price of Indian securities will gradually rise without any active interference of the House of Commons. Why, then, should Ministers put themselves forward to saddle the country with a burden which is only too surely fastening itself upon her shoulders? For two very obvious reasons. In the first place, a security legally good is certain to be more or less depreciated by every doubt which the borrower affects to throw upon it; and in the next, an immediate conversion of the existing debt might be effected with less difficulty and more advantage than it could be after the market had improved. The practical result of leaving the guarantee question to settle itself will perhaps be that the value of Indian loans will gradually rise in the London market, the whole improvement going into the pockets of the creditors. If, on the other hand, Indian consols were issued at $3\frac{1}{2}$ or $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in exchange for the old 4 $\frac{1}{2}$., 5 $\frac{1}{2}$., and 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. loans, the lion's share of the benefit obtained by the conversion would go to the Government, while the creditors would only get the moderate bonus which in some shape must be given to ensure the success of the operation. The advantage in the terms on which future loans could be contracted would also be very considerable. Let people be ever so well assured that a guarantee is inevitable, the full effect will not be produced in the market until the credit of England is formally pledged. It is thought a great triumph now that the Indian Minister can borrow at a trifle more than 5 per cent., while the Chairman of a second-rate Railway Company can get his debentures taken up at 4 per cent. The Eastern Counties Railway, for instance, has passed through many vicissitudes which have not tended to improve its credit. The sham dividends of the 10 per cent. era, the costly acquisition of a huge group of hungry suckers which absorbed all the profits of the parent line, and the actual disappearance at one time of all dividend on the ordinary shares, were decidedly depressing circumstances; but at the very worst, the credit of this undertaking never sank so low as that of the Indian Council; and now that it is believed to be under better management, its 5 per cent. preference stock is quoted at 115 in the same list in which Sir CHARLES WOOD's loan, at the same rate of interest, figures at 98 $\frac{1}{2}$. To a certain extent, a gradual improvement in the quotations of Indian loans may be looked for; but so long as a slur is cast upon the security by the refusal of Parliament to acknowledge its true character, Indian stock will always rank far below consols, and will continue to command a rate of interest every farthing of which beyond 3 or $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. is as much wasted to the country as if it were deliberately cast into the sea.

ELECTION COMPROMISES.

IT is a joyful moment for electioneering gentlemen when the session is over, and the watchful eyes of the Legislature are riveted only on the grouse. During the last few days the little town of Berwick-on-Tweed has furnished its quota of disclosures to the statistics of corruption, though, happily for those who are concerned, no jealous House of Commons is sitting to criticise and censure. At the general election, this fortunate con-

stituency returned two Conservative members, Mr. EARLE and Captain GORDON. The means employed to secure their triumph seem to have been of a nature calculated rather to please their own party than their antagonists, and a petition was presented, charging the successful candidates with bribery. Suddenly, in the course of the summer, the petition was withdrawn. Mystery hung over all the particulars of the affair. The zealous Reformers of the North learnt, to their surprise, that the prosecution of the indictment had been abandoned, but could not discover the why or the wherefore. They held meetings, they protested, they addressed themselves to Parliament—somehow or other the matter never was cleared up. There are some historical epochs which are notoriously inscrutable. Among these may be classed the periods of the rise, progress, and decay of election petitions. They crop up here, they disappear there—then they are heard of again for a moment some miles off—some one has seen some one else who is supposed to know something about them—then they vanish for ever. The baffled voter is easily thrown off the scent. Resigned to his fate, he acquiesces in the destiny meted out to him by unseen hands, and henceforth only thinks of the petition as of a beautiful thought which was never realized. Such, doubtless, was the position of many in Berwick-upon-Tweed till the close of last session. But at this point, just as suddenly as before, one of the sitting members accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, and vacates his seat. In his stead, Mr. MARJORIBANKS, the Liberal candidate who had been his competitor at the general election, prepares to walk over the course. But there is many a slip between the Parliamentary cup and the ambitious lip. Naturally averse to see their recent labours defeated without a fight, the Conservatives start a fresh champion in full expectation of victory. Then the mystery is solved, and a page of the lost history is discovered. It turns out that the recent petition had been withdrawn in consequence of a compromise, by the terms of which Mr. EARLE had pledged himself before next session to resign his place, and warranted Mr. MARJORIBANKS' return free from opposition on the part of himself, his agents, and his friends. Mr. EARLE accordingly implores Mr. HODGSON, the new Conservative candidate, as he values Mr. EARLE'S honour, to retire. Captain GORDON threatens to abdicate unless the conditions of the secret treaty are observed. On the other hand, Mr. HODGSON protests against a treaty to which he was no party. Lastly, Mr. MARJORIBANKS protests against Mr. HODGSON—the Conservatives protest against the conduct of their own members—and the Liberals protest against the corrupt collusion to which Mr. MARJORIBANKS has been privy. The curtain rises, and introduces the public to a general scene of recrimination, fuss, and turmoil.

The Conservatives, however, though astonished, are not discomfited. They wisely refuse to acknowledge any private contract between two individuals as binding on the universal body. No one knows anything about it, and Conservative purity blushes at the bare idea of having sanctioned such an iniquitous convention. Even Mr. EARLE'S agents, in their indisputable innocence of heart, wash their hands of it, and canvass away in defiance of its provisions. In the famous Pontefract case, Mr. OVEREND was not legally bound by the promises of his lawyer. In the Berwick comedy, why are Mr. EARLE'S agents to be answerable for the freaks of Mr. EARLE? Why, indeed? The tie between agent and employer is of the most delicate and evanescent character. Like the marriage tie among the Feejee islanders, it is dissolved by as simple a ceremony as that by which it is contracted. The agent walks away in one direction, and the employer in another, and all is over. Henceforth they do not know each other, except as bowing acquaintances. The miserable and be-puzzled claimant of a seat of which he has been wrongfully deprived is at a loss whither to turn. We pursue the principal, and find that gentleman, when we have caught him, entirely ignorant of what may have been said by his misguided factotum, to whom he begs to refer us for an explanation. We turn to look for the factotum, and exclaim, like the transcendental mother of the modern GRACCHI—"What ho! arrest me that agency," but "straightway the vision fadeth." After all, agents are but the shadow of the substance, and infinitely more separable than most shadows from it. When the election is over, the shadow goes its way, and the successful candidate, till the next election, is a man without his shadow, steadily refusing to be compromised by the past or present proceedings of that disreputable appendage. Free from the fear of compro-

ming its master, the shadow has its fling, and enjoys itself accordingly. The only people that suffer are those who have dealings with either.

Although the arrangement effected between Mr. EARLE and Mr. MARJORIBANKS was distinctly illegal—amounting, in fact, to a breach of privilege—it is clear that all concerned in it ought in honour to have stood by their plighted word. But it is equally clear that the great mass of the Conservatives at Berwick were free at air to act precisely as they pleased. Who gave Mr. EARLE and Captain GORDON the right to hamper the future action of a party that was only connected with them to the extent of having done them the honour to vote for them? What business had they to dispose of the result of a future election as if it were a piece of goods for sale? What they did was a simple piece of trading. Mr. EARLE handed over, or professed to hand over, the representation of Berwick, in return for protection against a bribery petition. It is of course easy to allege that the interests of Berwick would have suffered by a Parliamentary investigation. Doubtless they would suffer if such mercantile transactions as this are common in that town. But the greater the advantage to be gained by suppressing inquiry, the greater the breach of privilege in consenting to its suppression. The details of the "secret" treaty have lately been published. The preamble assigns a somewhat amusing reason for the compromise. Mr. EARLE covenants to resign because the peace and quiet of Berwick-upon-Tweed will be better secured by its enjoying one Conservative representative instead of two! At the risk, nevertheless, of disturbing that quiet to the advantages of which Mr. EARLE has become so recently a convert, his party threw him and his treaty overboard, and proceeded with the contest. Their efforts were well nigh crowned with success. Mr. HODGSON, reasonably enough, persisted in going to the poll, and Mr. MARJORIBANKS was returned only by a single vote. Had it not been for the split in the Conservative camp he would probably have never been returned at all. Mr. EARLE'S honesty was very nearly being thrown away.

A tale like the above is indeed calculated to bring dishonour on the present system of electioneering. We cannot pretend to such an acquaintance with the minute details of the transaction as would enable us to portion out that blame and discredit which attaches to the whole business among the different individuals who most deserve it. It was a most discreditable affair, but there is an end of it, as far as Berwick-upon-Tweed is concerned. The lesson, however, to be drawn from it, and other squabbles of the kind, is not merely local. They teach us that, if Parliamentary purity is not to be a mere cry to amuse public meetings—if the representation of constituencies is not to be a medium for political barter and sale—something must be done in the ensuing session to alter the present working of election petitions. They are so monstrously expensive that few can afford to petition, and fewer to be petitioned against. Like divorces, they are the luxuries of the rich. The prospect of a compromise and a consequent release from the certainty of considerable pecuniary sacrifice is a temptation which many cannot possibly resist. We made divorces cheaper, at the risk of increasing their number and offending a vast amount of religious feeling—why should we not cheapen election petitions? There are no theological difficulties in the way; and if the expense were duly diminished a more frequent use of them would be by no means a disadvantage to the country. They would be used more, and abused less; for the threat of a prosecution would be only formidable to evil-doers. All dread the law when law is expensive—only the wicked fear it when it is to be had for nothing. The tribunals to take cognizance of electoral corruption should be so accessible that poor and wealthy alike might appeal with confidence to their decision. The crime of bribery is a public one, and should be matter for a public prosecutor. There are certainly many cases in which the costs ought to be defrayed by the guilty borough or county. An indictment once lodged would pass out of private into public keeping, and become, *ipso facto*, incapable of being withdrawn. To threaten a sitting member with a petition might be made a misdemeanour as amenable to justice as an attempt to extort money upon false pretences. Let us trust that in the coming winter the framers of the promised Reform Bill will turn their serious attention to this subject. Unless measures are taken to check the present growing evil, mere extensions of the suffrage and disfranchisements of boroughs will not satisfy the public.

MR. OSBORNE AT LISKEARD.

THE change of temper which waits on change of sky was never better exemplified than by Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE's triumphant speech at Liskeard. The transition from the sordid corruptibility of Dover to the pleasant unanimity of Liskeard has afforded an additional proof of the versatility of the restored M.P., and has given him the luxury of a new sensation. For the first time in his public life, Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE has made a speech in which he has managed to praise everybody without losing a particle of the vivacity which always pointed his universal satire. Lord PALMERSTON is pronounced, we have no doubt with the utmost sincerity, to be worthy of the highest respect; and the little weakness shown by his recent additions to the Upper House is but gently blamed as the fault of a kindly old age, whose failings lean to friendship's side. Even the sin of omitting the faithful OSBORNE from the list of the promoted is cheerfully pardoned as a tribute to his independence, and as a proof that he is not one of the thick-and-thin supporters who may always look for translation at the hands of the most generous of patrons. Mr. DISRAELI has had some hard rubs at times from the late member for Dover, but he nevertheless comes in for his share of praise for dragging his omnibus of country gentlemen up to the level of a Reform Bill so revolutionary as almost to alarm, by its American extravagance, the cautious patriot who was wooed in vain by Marylebone, and won by the brotherly unity of Liskeard. The "Peelites" in the Cabinet might have been expected to awaken just the faintest feeling of jealousy; but it was all for the best, and if the litter was too large for the maternal capabilities of Downing-street, Mr. OSBORNE is not the man to murmur at the fate which has condemned him to temporary exclusion from the sweets of office. Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT, it is true, deserved to be elevated to the highest posts, but then the world might have lost the rare and honourable spectacle of self-denial which the President-elect of the Board of Trade has been enabled to exhibit. Mr. GLADSTONE is complimented with the not altogether undeserved description of "the most able man of the day;" and so far does Mr. OSBORNE carry his new-formed admiration, as to declare that the Dalilah of Oxford alone can prevent the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER from being one of the most workmanlike Ministers of the day. Being in the mood to believe in everything, Mr. OSBORNE avows his belief in LOUIS NAPOLEON, and his unqualified admiration for the statesmanship with which HENRI IV. and Mr. COBDEN, at the moderate interval of a couple of centuries, have propounded the same theory of international arbitration for the final extinction of war. The scheme, it seems, is not new, and it has certainly not proved successful; but Mr. COBDEN is not the less an illustrious statesman, and the Emperor of the FRENCH is a man of great wisdom, and everybody, whether Whig or Tory, is the right man in the right place; and should any one wish to know the reason of so much optimism, is it not enough that Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE has been unanimously returned for Liskeard? Dover itself is let off easily by its rejected member. A passing allusion to postal contracts to secure the safe return of members instead of the safe delivery of letters, is atoned for by the acknowledgment (after the manner of Eatanswill) that even in Dover there is only a small leaven of corruption among the honest unpurchasable electors, all of whom of course were found among the supporters of Mr. OSBORNE. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON is almost the only exception to the universal laudation, and if some deduction is to be made from the criticism of the chief victim of the Dover conspiracy, there is much justice in the complaint that the Committee of the House of Commons has caught the little fish—the private secretaries—and allowed the big ones to get through.

Taken altogether, a more favourable sample of Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE's powers could not be found than his Liskeard speech. Very few members of Parliament could have condensed into one address so much superficial shrewdness, and there is no one who could have equalled it in point and humour. But his last performance fixes Mr. OSBORNE's position in the political world more absolutely than any of his less conciliatory harangues. Excellent pleasantry on every topic which admits of a personal view, with a fair substratum of practical common sense, is not altogether to be despised; but the men of Liskeard will look in vain for any qualities in their member of a higher stamp than these. Those who would gather figs from thistles and grapes from thorns may

expect deep thought and political wisdom from Mr. OSBORNE. To do him justice, it is not often that he forgets his part so far as to venture on the serious discussion of grave political problems; but his Liskeard speech was marred by one or two unfortunate plunges into these uncongenial subjects. Probably he had no wish to underrate the importance of effective measures of defence, but unluckily the best points were to be made by taking up the other side of the question. That was quite enough to determine the course of the oration. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON had certainly laid himself open to the sarcasm that he had exalted himself to unnatural dimensions by having "got upon the top of a big question;" and the big question was depreciated, according to the exigency of the occasion, for the sake of reducing the undue elevation of its advocate. Then the somewhat stale joke about the intermittent attacks of panic and complacent confidence to which the House of Commons is supposed to be subject, was good enough for a hustings audience; and it would have spoilt the speech to acknowledge the truth that the nation was never freer from panic, in any unworthy sense of the word, than since it has recognised the imperative necessity of restoring the naval superiority which it has been the policy of our wisest Ministers in past times to maintain. A man who is always ready to sacrifice prudence and policy to catch the ears of his audience with a smart joke or a telling sarcasm can never be anything more than Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE is; and though one can scarcely help rejoicing that the House of Commons will again be subject to the influence of his clever satire, it is hard to say whether the mischievous habit of regarding all public affairs from their personal side may not more than outweigh the benefits of unsparing criticism on the individual eccentricities of Ministerial or Opposition leaders.

Next to the vital question of national defence, the topic which is likely to rise into the greatest prominence is unquestionably the financial adjustment which Mr. GLADSTONE has announced as in store for the next session of Parliament. Mr. OSBORNE's sagacity is enough to teach him that neither electoral reform nor any other domestic measure is likely to exert as much direct practical influence on the happiness of the country as the establishment of an efficient control over expenditure, combined with an effective and equitable system of taxation. But the instant he alludes to the measures which present themselves to his imagination, he is once more in the region of clap-trap. Any one might have foreseen that Mr. OSBORNE—at any rate when addressing his constituents—would adopt that pleasant theory of financial reform which consists in repairing the alleged injustice of placing the income of the man who is earning his livelihood by the exertions of his brain on the same footing as the rental of a fee-simple estate. Until those laborious toilers for whom so much sympathy is expressed can shake off such injudicious friends as the new member for Liskeard, they will have but a poor chance of obtaining relief from taxation. Their interest and their right is to be taxed on precisely the same footing as the owners of property; and certainly the last thing we should anticipate would be the fulfilment of Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE's hope, that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will revise the Income-tax in the sense clamoured for by platform agitators. But on this, as on other subjects, politicians of the flimsy school of which Liskeard has returned the brightest ornament, exercise an influence over popular opinion which is often powerful enough to thwart the measures of more solid statesmen; and the best that can be hoped in Mr. OSBORNE's case is that the respect which he professes for Mr. GLADSTONE's talents may be sufficient to neutralize the crude theory which he has taken under his protection.

It has been very much the fashion of late to canvass the ancient institution of party government. Lord DERBY, when in office, had his theory that party distinctions had become almost obliterated. Mr. DISRAELI had about as much reason on his side in each of his successive definitions of the Conservative party which he manages to lead. But Mr. OSBORNE's theory, that parties, like crocodiles, are moved by their tails, was perhaps never further from the truth than at the present moment. The pliability of the Conservative tail, and the absence of all automatic action within it, was sufficiently proved by the feats of Liberalism which were performed by the late Tory Ministry. Even the construction of the existing coalition was due much more to the influence of the chiefs than to any independent movement of the Liberal party. But the principle of a certain kind of popular eloquence is to adopt opinions which admit of effec-

tive illustration, rather than to seek illustrations of opinions believed to be true. This is the key to much of Mr. OSBORNE'S extravagance, and he is so great a master of his own style that he may be readily forgiven if it is only by accident that he stumbles upon political principles which will bear the test of sober criticism.

THE WEEDON INQUIRY.

IF the Weedon Commissioners have really penetrated to the bottom of the mystery, the great ELLIOTT scandal has become a very small matter. A Government officer was charged with the receipt and issue of enormous quantities of stores. He was left to devise what checks he pleased upon his own possible dishonesty. The staff of clerks in his office was, from economical considerations, fixed at so inadequate a strength as to render it impossible for him to keep effectual accounts against himself had he wished to do so. Mr. ELLIOTT, in short, was placed in a position in which he might have appropriated to himself almost any amount of public property he chose without much risk of detection; and it was only after a costly examination by professional accountants, extending over many months, that even a guess could be made whether the runaway storekeeper had or had not plundered the Government on a scale worthy of a REDPATH or a ROBSON. If he did not do so, it was not from any difficulties which the system of accounts put in his way.

With this tempting opportunity before him, Mr. ELLIOTT, as it now rather oddly appears, confined his speculations to that especial portion of his trust in which alone any defalcations were likely to be detected. The only money which passed through the storekeeper's hands was about 1000*l.* or 2000*l.* a-month, which was transmitted to him for the purpose of paying wages and small outgoings at the Weedon establishment, and for defraying the cost of the carriage of certain descriptions of stores. For this money a quarterly account was required, so that a few thousand pounds was the utmost which could be embezzled from this source before the fraud could be discovered. The amount actually abstracted was under 2050*l.*, the whole of which, with the exception of the odd 50*l.*, was covered by the guarantee given by ELLIOTT on his acceptance of the office.

This discovery appears to be considered as a great official triumph. All the disgraceful mismanagement about which so unreasonable an outcry was made resolves itself, it seems, into the loss of 48*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, followed by the immediate detection and flight of the offender. The War Office is naturally triumphant, and the Commissioners themselves seem disposed to measure the errors of the Department rather by the amount of the mischief which has resulted than by the risks which were needlessly run. At any rate, the main object of the investigation will be attained if precautions are taken in future to place Government officers entrusted with public property under checks somewhat more substantial than those to which Mr. ELLIOTT subjected himself. It may be presumed that this will be done, and it is therefore the less material to apportion the blame for past transactions with judicial exactness. No one can hesitate to concur in the broad conclusion of the Commissioners that the main defects of the Weedon establishment are chargeable to the War Department, though it is difficult to treat the matter as lightly as they seem to do. The really serious accusation which the evidence establishes against the Department is, not that a storekeeper succeeded in robbing the country of a few pounds more than the amount of his security, but that it was possible, and indeed easy, for him to have embezzled a thousand times as much before his superiors could have begun to suspect him. If Mr. ELLIOTT had laid his hand upon the stores, instead of dipping into the cash-box, he might have enjoyed to this day the confidence of the War Department, together with all the advantages of an unlimited income at the cost of the country.

A much more important matter than the mere investigation of Mr. ELLIOTT'S accounts was the inquiry into the general mode of conducting the business of the great store departments at Woolwich and the Tower, as well as at Weedon. The value of the materials of all kinds accumulated in those repositories and the extent of the annual purchases are so vast that it is worth some pains to ascertain how far the machinery employed admits of improvement in efficiency and economy. The state of the internal management may be inferred from the fact, that at the last stock-taking the books showed 27,000 muskets less than the actual number, and contained other errors to the extent of 1,000,000

articles of equipment. With respect to the dealings between the Government and the tradesmen who supply it, almost all that was publicly known about the conduct of this branch of public business was calculated to suggest serious doubts whether the Government got value for its money, and gave fair treatment in return. It was certain that the power of accepting or rejecting a contractor's supplies practically rested with inspectors and viewers, many of whom were but common mechanics, and were underpaid as compared with their own class. The only sort of appeal allowed from their judgments was by memorializing the SECRETARY OF STATE, who thereupon directed the same inspectors to review their own decisions, which they almost invariably did by holding that they had been perfectly right.

It was suggested, with at least some show of reason, that a more perfect scheme could not be devised for encouraging bribery than to give almost irresponsible authority to men employed at labourers' wages. Every day thousands of pounds of profit or loss to a large tradesman might be dependent on the severity or laxity of a man to whom a five-pound note would seem an almost fabulous treasure. While such a system continued, there must be, if not actual corruption, at any rate the suspicion of corruption; and the absence of any appeal from the authorities to a Court of Law would as naturally be supposed to lead to arbitrary dealing on the part of a Government department which had its contractors absolutely at its mercy. That there was both corruption and injustice had been very generally believed; and nothing would have been more useful than a thorough investigation, had that been possible, to ascertain the amount of truth or falsehood which those accusations contained. It was not to be expected that an inquiry by a Commission without the power of summoning witnesses or administering an oath would be very successful in dragging to light transactions which, if they ever occurred, it would be everybody's interest to conceal. So far as it goes, indeed, the evidence tends to negative the floating accusations of corruption which were so freely circulated. Only two or three specific charges were brought before the Commissioners, and these for the most part broke down. But it is difficult to accept the mere failure of an investigation which had little chance of success as conclusive proof that the alleged favouritism and bribery had no existence. The examination of Mr. BISCHOFF, a partner in a large contracting firm, is referred to by the Commissioners as showing the absence of foundation for suspicions of partiality and corruption; but what it really does show is, that even if these evils existed, the Commissioners were quite certain not to detect them. The witness had stated before the Committee on Contracts that he believed in the existence of bribery, and gave as his reason for that belief that he had heard statements and seen documents which justified the opinion. But the instant that the Commissioners attempted to trace the sources of his information his mouth was sealed. He was not compellable to answer, and he did not choose to reveal confidential communications the betrayal of which might ruin his informants. The inference which the Commissioners draw is that the accusation is entirely without foundation, and their Chairman visited the witness with a rather hard measure of condemnation for not completing the revelation at which he had hinted.

But in spite of Mr. SELFE'S high-flown denunciation of the cowardice of not stating the grounds of such vague imputations, it is quite clear that the witness had no right to publish any confession which he might have received from a friend who had been guilty of the offences under investigation; and it is unreasonable, therefore, to infer from his silence the falsehood of the statement which he refused to authenticate. The just inference is, that an inquiry involving personal charges ought never to be instituted by any tribunal which has not the power of compelling a witness to give evidence before it. A verdict of Not Guilty given in a competent court may fairly be taken as proof of innocence, but the fact that a powerless Commission fails to establish an imputation is at best equivalent to a finding of Not Proven. The wiser course for the Government would perhaps have been to give up the attempt to scrutinize the past, and at the same time to diminish the temptations to bribery by giving authority only to tolerably well-paid officers, and by allowing an appeal to a Court of Law against an arbitrary and unjust decision; and, if we read the Report rightly, this is not very far from the conclusion at which the Commissioners have arrived, although on the question of appeal they rather hint than express a positive opinion.

THE CASE OF THOMAS SMETHURST.

OF the many remarkable trials which have occurred in the last few years, that of Dr. Smethurst appears to us to be, upon the whole, the most remarkable. No language can adequately describe the horrible atrocity of the crime imputed to him. The murder of a woman who had not only sacrificed to him her virtue, but had become his accomplice in the crime of bigamy, is in itself a most awful offence; but the manner in which the crime was committed—if it was committed at all—is a horrible aggravation even of that guilt. Slow, gradual murder, unrelentingly perpetrated through a period of nearly six weeks, and elaborately arranged with the minuteness and accuracy of a scientific experiment, is, even in these days of great offences, a novelty in crime. This, however, is not the aspect under which we shall consider the case at present. It is to its legal, and not to its moral bearings that we propose to direct attention, for it presents a more curious and instructive specimen of the nature of evidence even than the cases of Palmer or Madeleine Smith.

The evidence against Dr. Smethurst falls naturally into three general divisions—the circumstances and behaviour of the prisoner and the deceased, the medical evidence, and the chemical evidence. The statement made by the prisoner after his conviction forms a distinct branch of the case. It was no part of the testimony on which the jury based their verdict, but it is very material for the consideration of any one who wishes at present to form an opinion on the guilt or innocence of the prisoner.

The principal points in the first division of the evidence are as follows. Dr. Smethurst, who had been for many years married to a lady much older than himself, was living, in November last, at a boarding-house in Bayswater, where he became acquainted with Miss Bankes, the deceased. He appears to have seduced her, and on the 9th of December he went through the ceremony of marriage with her, and they went to live together at Richmond, the prisoner's real wife being left at the boarding-house at Bayswater. There he visited her once or twice after he left, and he also transmitted money on her account to the mistress of the house; but there was no evidence whatever to show that Mrs. Smethurst was aware of the relations between her husband and Miss Bankes, though it is hardly possible that her suspicions should not have been roused by their leaving the house within ten days of each other—Miss Bankes's departure having been caused by the representations of the landlady as to the impropriety of her conduct. After the sham marriage, the prisoner and the deceased went to live together at Old Palace Gardens, Richmond, where they stayed for more than four months. During the last three weeks of that period Miss Bankes was very ill, and grew rapidly worse. Dr. Julius, of Richmond, was called in on the 3rd of April, by the direction of the prisoner, on the recommendation of the landlady. In the midst of her illness Miss Bankes was removed to another lodging at 10, Alma Villas. Dr. Bird, the partner of Dr. Julius, attended her from about the 18th April, and by the prisoner's desire she was visited by Dr. Todd on the 28th. On Sunday, the 30th of April, a will was made for Miss Bankes by a Richmond solicitor, named Senior, who was applied to on the subject by Dr. Smethurst, and by this will the whole of her property, with the exception of a brooch, was left to him absolutely. The property consisted of 1740*l.* lent on mortgage. The deceased had also a life-interest in 5000*l.*, the dividend of which she had just received and handed to the prisoner. On May 2nd, the prisoner was brought before the Richmond magistrates on a charge of administering poison to the deceased. He was liberated on his own recognizances the same evening, and Miss Bankes died on the morning of the 3rd. Her sister, Miss Louisa Bankes, had visited her on the 20th of April. She also visited her on the 30th, and attended her from the time of Dr. Smethurst's liberation to her death. On the *post mortem* examination it appeared that the deceased was between five and seven weeks advanced in pregnancy. On the prisoner's second apprehension, which took place immediately after the death of Miss Bankes, a letter was found upon him, addressed to his wife.

What are the fair consequences from these admitted facts? And, first, do they disclose any motive on the part of the prisoner for the murder of the deceased? The consequences of the death of Miss Bankes to the prisoner, measured in money, would be a gain of 1740*l.* lent on mortgage, and a loss of the chance of receiving the dividends to accrue on the principal sum of 5000*l.* during her life. His chance of receiving the dividends depended entirely on the continuance of their connexion, and of his influence over her. Now, the connexion was one which involved not merely immorality, but crime. If Mrs. Smethurst had become aware of its character, she might at any moment have punished her husband's desertion and neglect by imprisonment; and so long as the connexion continued, his liberty and character were at the mercy of any one who might discover the circumstances bearing on it. There was also the chance that he himself might become tired of his mistress, or that she, from motives which might readily arise, might wish to leave him. His hold over her dividends would terminate in any of these cases, and it must thus be considered as extremely precarious. Besides this, it must be remembered that the dividends, whilst he received them, would have to be applied to their joint support. He could not apply them to his own purposes, and turn her out of doors; for, if he had done

so, she would have retained them for herself. A precarious hold over 200*l.* a-year, for the life of a person who was to be supported as a lady out of that sum, and who was likely to become a mother, was certainly not worth the right to receive a gross amount of 1740*l.*, unfettered by any condition whatever. It thus seems clear that Dr. Smethurst had a considerable money interest in the death of Miss Bankes; but it is only fair to add that there is nothing to show that he was in pressing want of money, whilst there is some evidence to show that he was not. In Palmer's case, the possession of 300*l.* at the very time of Cook's death was a matter of vital importance; but Dr. Smethurst had a considerable balance at his banker's at the time in question, and appears to have lived upon his means at Richmond without any visible mode of earning a living.

A consideration which weighs more heavily, in respect to the existence of a motive for murder, arises out of the nature of the connexion between the prisoner and the deceased. In Wooler's trial it was said that there was no need to look further for a motive when the parties were man and wife. The harshness of the expression ought not to be allowed to conceal the truth which it contains. There are relations of life in which the most intense affection and the most bitter hatred form the only possible alternative; and our modern manners veil all that lies below the surface so completely that it is impossible for third persons to say whether a married couple who have received a certain degree of education regard each other with love, indifference, or hatred. Married people almost universally treat each other with external decency, good humour, and cordiality, but what lies under that veil is known only to themselves. In the particular case in question, the relation which existed between the parties was one which could hardly fail to abound in those sources of dislike and discomfort which are the roots from which hatred and malice spring in an ungenerous mind. Both were doing wrong; both had committed a legal, as well as a moral crime; and at the very period when the illness of the deceased commenced she had become pregnant. To a man in Dr. Smethurst's position that circumstance (if he were aware of it) would in itself furnish some motive for the crime with which he was charged, for the birth of a child could hardly have failed to increase all the difficulties and embarrassments incidental to the position in which he had placed himself. The result is, that Dr. Smethurst would certainly have gained a considerable sum of money by Miss Bankes's death, whilst other motives to seek it very probably may have existed, though their existence is not directly proved.

Passing from the subject of motive, the next question which arises upon the admitted facts of the case is, whether Dr. Smethurst's conduct was suspicious in itself. The first point relied upon by the prosecution to prove the affirmative was, that he allowed no one to see the deceased except himself and her medical attendants; and in particular, that he prevented her sister from attending upon her. In reference to this part of the case, Serjeant Parry is reported (in the *Times*) to have said—"This was positively disproved. It was shown that he went several times to London; that he also went into the town which was ten minutes' walk off; and that there were ample opportunities for the deceased to communicate with any one she thought proper." It is true that the landlady of the first set of lodgings said that the prisoner went repeatedly to town, and that Dr. Julius saw Miss Bankes in his absence; but this is not proved to have been the case at the second set of lodgings, where the deceased passed the last three weeks of her life. During this period, Dr. Smethurst waited on Miss Bankes himself, declining to employ a sick nurse on the ground of poverty, though he had in his hands about 70*l.*, the amount of the dividend handed over to him by her. This in itself is highly suspicious, for the offices which it was necessary that he should render to her were not such as a man ought to discharge for a woman if it is possible that they should be discharged by one of her own sex. His conduct towards Miss Louisa Bankes was of the same character. He certainly invited her to see her sister twice, but on neither occasion did he voluntarily leave them alone together, and he wrote four letters in the interval, in two of which he dissuaded her from repeating her visit on the ground that the doctors had prohibited it on account of the excitement produced by the first visit. It appeared that Dr. Julius was never even informed that the visit had taken place, and that Dr. Bird merely said, in answer to the prisoner's own statement that Miss Bankes was excited by her sister's visit, that, if so, she had better not see her.

The circumstances which attended the execution of the will are perhaps the most important of all. Dr. Smethurst himself produced to the attorney a draft will in his own favour, saying that the draft had been prepared by a barrister in London—a statement which, if true, might easily have been proved, but which was not proved, and may therefore be presumed to be false. He also gratuitously informed him of the state of his relations with the deceased, and endeavoured to persuade him to allow a witness to attest the execution of the document under a false impression as to its nature. It is true, as Serjeant Parry properly observed, that the will was as much the act of the deceased as his own; but it is also true that its execution was attended with a double falsehood on his part, and with a want of decency which showed a temper very greedy after the property to be disposed of.

Dr. Smethurst's letter to his wife, found in his pocket on his second arrest, must not be overlooked. It certainly reads like an announcement of his intention to return to her speedily; and such an intention, coupled with the other facts of the case, appears to supply a motive for the offence charged. The expressions in the letter are as follows:—"I have not been able to leave for town as soon as I expected, in consequence of my medical aid being required in a case of illness. I shall, however, see you as soon as possible. Should anything unforeseen prevent my leaving before the 11th" (this was the day on which it had been arranged that he should send the money to the boarding-house keeper), "I will send you a cheque for Smith's money and extras. I am quite well, and hope I shall find you the same when I see you, which I trust will not be long first." It is fair to observe, however, that upon any supposition this letter was a strange one. Its abruptness, the absence of any explanations, and the assumption on which it proceeds, that his wife would not be surprised at hearing from him, are very singular. They suggest the possibility, which would be in favour of the prisoner, that his wife was acquainted with his movements; but this does not seem very consistent with the observation about the ease of illness. This, however, is mere conjecture, and it is useless to attempt to free this part of the case from the difficulties which surround it.

These are the suspicious parts of the prisoner's conduct towards the deceased. His having written for Miss Louisa Bankes to come down on the Sunday, and his suggestion that she should take a lodging in the neighbourhood, may perhaps weigh in the other scale; and it is no doubt possible to take a similar view as to his having called in Dr. Todd. The weight of each of these circumstances is, however, diminished by several considerations. When Miss Louisa Bankes came down on the Sunday to see the deceased, Dr. Smethurst objected to every proposal she made to attend on her sister. He told her once that she could not bear her in the room—another time (on her proposing to sit up in the sick room all night), that he would rather attend upon her himself; and on the Monday he persuaded her to go up to London to have a prescription made up, and so procured her absence from the house for some hours. With respect to Dr. Todd's visit, it should be borne in mind that Miss Louisa Bankes had suggested that Dr. Lane, a relation, should be consulted. Dr. Smethurst objected to this. "The deceased lady," says Dr. Bird, "more than once, in the presence of the prisoner, expressed a wish for further medical assistance, and it was after this that Dr. Todd was called in." It is not, therefore, true that Dr. Smethurst voluntarily called in Dr. Todd. But even if he did, the suggestion readily presents itself that his object was to make evidence in his own favour. This, however, appears a needlessly harsh observation. The fair conclusion would seem to be that the reference to Dr. Todd, under the circumstances of the case, proves nothing either for or against the prisoner. When Dr. Julius and Dr. Bird were freely admitted to watch every stage of the case, the visit of an additional physician, however eminent, could hardly entail much additional risk. It has also been urged that Dr. Smethurst supplied Dr. Bird with matter for the purpose of analysis. That is true; but to have refused Dr. Bird's application would have been suspicious in the extreme, and it would probably have had no other effect than that of inducing him to obtain what he required by other means. Indeed, it appears from the summing up that Dr. Bird, with an artifice which under the circumstances was probably justifiable, gave a false account of the purpose for which he wanted it. This point, therefore, may be left out of the case.

Some stress has been laid on the circumstance that no poison was traced to the prisoner's possession; and this, it is said, is an essential ingredient in all convictions for poisoning. This remark, however, must be qualified by two others. As a medical man, Dr. Smethurst could have no difficulty in getting poison; and the circumstance of his having been left alone and at liberty for a whole night in his lodgings, after he had been charged with the use of poison (a fact itself unprecedented in criminal trials), destroys the weight of the remark. It is not, however, clearly stated whether the lodgings were searched on the occasion of the first arrest. If so, the observation is entitled to considerable weight in the prisoner's favour.

The fair conclusions upon the whole of the first division of the evidence would seem to be, that Dr. Smethurst had a motive to wish for the death of Miss Bankes, and that his conduct towards her was, in several material particulars, suspicious in the extreme.

The second division of the evidence is the medical testimony; and this again divides itself into two branches—that which was given by the medical men who actually attended the deceased, and the opinions pronounced by others on their account of her symptoms. It is indispensable to the due appreciation of this part of the evidence to remember that Dr. Smethurst himself acted as a physician throughout Miss Bankes's illness. He avowedly administered food and medicine to her continually, and repeatedly debated with the other physicians as to the course to be taken. This being so, Dr. Julius first, and Dr. Bird afterwards, came independently to the conclusion that whatever was the complaint of Miss Bankes, the natural effect of the medicines which they administered was perverted by the administration of some irritant poison. How far the pregnancy of the deceased—of which they were not aware—would account for this, does not very clearly appear from the report of their

evidence, but we understand them to deny that it would alter their opinion. We cannot offer any opinion on Dr. Tyler Smith's letter in yesterday's *Times*. The subject is one on which an unprofessional observer can only look at sworn testimony, and the sworn testimony in this case is not fully before the public. When Dr. Todd was called in, he immediately arrived at the conclusion, as well from the manner and appearance of the patient as from Dr. Julius's report of her symptoms, that she was suffering under the administration of irritants; and each of these gentlemen swore that in their opinion the administration of irritants was the only mode of accounting for the symptoms exhibited by the deceased. The peculiar importance of this evidence is that each of the three gentlemen who saw the deceased arrived independently at the same conclusion; and that each of the two who administered medicines to her independently inferred from what he saw that the effect of those medicines was counteracted by the administration of something which they had not prescribed. This last observation is of vital importance, because not one of the medical witnesses called for the defence appear, from the *Times*' report, to have attempted to explain the fact that the medicines did not produce their natural result. They only contended that the symptoms were to be referred to other causes than poisoning.

It is, however, proper to observe that the medical evidence is, for obvious reasons, so much condensed in the newspaper reports, that it is possible that more may have passed upon this subject than is recorded in the paper to which reference has been made. This observation applies with particular force to the conflict of evidence which would seem to have arisen between different medical witnesses as to the consistency of the symptoms with the symptoms of slow poisoning, and as to the possibility of explaining them by the supposition of other diseases. Dr. Todd, Dr. Bird, (who had much experience of dysentery in the Crimea), Mr. Buzzard, who was staff-surgeon of the army there, Dr. Babington, Dr. Bowerbank, and Dr. Copland all denied that the symptoms were those of dysentery. Mr. Richardson thought that "they more resembled dysentery than those of slow poisoning." Mr. Rogers seems to have given no opinion as to the cause of death. Dr. Webb thought it was caused "by dysentery aggravated by pregnancy," but he went so far as to assert that "he should not have dreamed of poison if he had attended upon the deceased and had seen the symptoms which presented themselves." Considering that poison immediately suggested itself to the mind of Dr. Todd, as well as to those of Dr. Julius and Dr. Bird, this seems a very strong statement. Considering, moreover, that Mr. Edwards and Dr. Tyler Smith—who were called for the prisoner, and who in the main coincided with Dr. Webb's view of the cause of death—both said that the symptoms of dysentery, when aggravated by pregnancy, so much resembled those of arsenical poison that each had seen cases where chemical analysis had been made to see whether poison had been administered, Dr. Webb's assertion seems entitled to no weight. It is clear, upon the evidence of the prisoner's own witnesses, that if the deceased did die of a combination of dysentery and pregnancy, she died of a disease which in its symptoms closely resembled slow poisoning. It is almost impossible to judge from newspaper reports how far the prisoner's witnesses succeeded in showing any inconsistency between the *post-mortem* appearances and the theory of poisoning. It seems to have been asserted that the part of the intestines affected was not that which would have been most affected by arsenic; but not one of the witnesses appears ever to have seen a case of slow arsenical poisoning; and to an unprofessional reader it would appear rather bold to assert that, if the organs which poison would attack were injured as poison would injure them, poison could not have been employed, because the injuries were in an unusual part of the organs.

The general result of the medical evidence seems to be that the symptoms were not inconsistent with poisoning—that they were such as to lead the three physicians who attended the deceased to infer that poison existed—and, above all, that some cause or other counteracted the effects of the medicines administered.

The third and last division of the evidence is the chemical evidence. In substance it was very short. Dr. Taylor discovered arsenic in an evacuation of the deceased, and antimony in part of her body and in blood taken from the heart. If this evidence stood alone and unshaken, it would be conclusive against the prisoner, for it would supply exactly the link which was wanted to complete the two other divisions of the evidence. As far as it relates to antimony, it is not only unshaken, but untouched. Mr. Rogers, indeed, said that he did not believe that antimony could be found in the blood and not in the liver; but neither he nor any other witness appears to have tried to invalidate Dr. Taylor's test so far as it applied to antimony, and in the absence of such evidence Mr. Rogers is in the position of a man who opposes a theory to a fact. Many of the symptoms of the case pointed rather to the employment of antimony than to that of arsenic, and if antimony were administered (none having been prescribed) the conclusion against the prisoner is as strong as in the case of arsenic.

With respect to the discovery of the arsenic, the case is very different. Dr. Taylor's evidence is impugned upon two grounds. First, it is said, he admits that he made a mistake with regard to another experiment on the contents of a bottle found in

the prisoner's possession; and secondly, the probability that he was mistaken in regard to the discovery of arsenic in the evacuation is said to be heightened by the theory that, if arsenic were found there, it ought also to have been found in the tissues. The mistake committed by Dr. Taylor amounts to this. He put copper gauze into a liquid containing chlorate of potass in order to test it for arsenic. The chlorate of potass dissolved the copper gauze; the copper gauze contained arsenic which was set free when it was dissolved, and which was afterwards extracted and deposited upon other copper when all the chlorate of potass had been consumed in dissolving the gauze put into the liquid. Thus Dr. Taylor extracted from the draught arsenic which he had himself introduced into it. In the other experiment no copper gauze was dissolved at all. It was merely boiled, and there is nothing to show that that process would disengage any arsenic which it might contain. When boiled, crystals evolved from the matter to be tested were deposited upon it, and those crystals were ascertained to be arsenic. This process—which is known as Reincke's test—is a very common and well-known operation indeed, and has been performed thousands of times. If it is fallacious on the ground that the copper employed may contain arsenic which may be liberated in the process, it is not a little extraordinary that no arsenic should have been found in any of the other twenty-seven or twenty-eight articles which Dr. Taylor tested by the very same process on this occasion. The mistake undoubtedly goes, to some extent, to shake Dr. Taylor's credit (though it should be remembered that Mr. Brand said that he should have fallen into the same error), but it does not appear to shake either the fact that there was antimony, or the fact that there was arsenic, in the matters submitted to his examination. It certainly, however, entitles the objection raised by the witnesses for the prisoner, that arsenic should have been found in the tissues of the body, to more careful consideration than it would otherwise have deserved.

It is with great diffidence that we venture an opinion on such a point, but, as we understand the matter, the state of the case is this. The arsenic, on administration, passes into the stomach—it is there taken up into the circulation—thence it passes with the blood through the organs which separate the various fluids which are secreted from the blood—in the same manner it passes into the flesh—and it finally leaves the body either by the skin or by the ordinary channels. When the patient dies, all vital functions being arrested, the poison will be found at that point in this process which it happened to have reached at the moment of death. The poison, however, is continually passing through the body, and this goes on to such an extent that in a dog, to which eighteen grains of arsenic were administered in eleven or twelve days, Mr. Richardson only discovered about half a grain. And, if we are correct in supposing that the dog was put to death at the end of the experiment, and not left to die from the effects of the poison, it is not an improbable inference that, if he had been left to die, an even smaller quantity might have been discovered. The argument of Mr. Richardson and the other witnesses for the prisoner seems to prove that, upon the supposition of poisoning by arsenic, arsenic must have been present in various parts of Miss Bankes's body at the time when the arsenic discovered by Dr. Taylor passed from her, rather than that it must have been present after her death. It might have passed away in the interval; and thus the absence of arsenic in the tissues after death would go to prove, not that no arsenic had been administered during life, but that none had been administered during the last two or three days of life. The report is not full enough to show how far this view was put forward, or what was said of it by the witnesses for the prisoner. What effect the chlorate of potass may have had as to hastening the passage of the arsenic, we cannot judge in the least degree from the conflicting evidence before the Court, imperfectly as it is reported in the papers. Nor can we offer any opinion whatever as to the suggestion that arsenic and antimony may have been present in the medicines administered by Dr. Julius. The evidence is not reported fully enough to enable us to do so.

Upon the whole, we can hardly doubt from the evidence that both arsenic and antimony were administered to the deceased; and this fact, taken with the conclusions established by the other divisions of the evidence, seems to justify the verdict of the jury, whose opportunities of forming an opinion were infinitely superior to those of persons who have nothing but newspaper reports to decide upon. We abstain from giving any unqualified opinion on the guilt of the accused, or on the propriety of the execution of the sentence—not because the evidence, so far as we have been able to study it, leaves any doubt upon our minds, but because we do not feel in a position to say, from mere newspaper reports, that the effect of the pregnancy of the deceased on the operation of the medicines administered to her, the appearances on the *post mortem* examination, and the possible impurity of the medicines themselves, may not explain the facts proved without resorting to the hypothesis of poison. We can offer no opinion upon these points. We do not mean to insinuate that they constitute a ground for sparing the prisoner's life. We confine ourselves to saying that we cannot assert that they may not. We feel it, however, most important to observe that it is essential to the administration of justice that the verdicts of juries should be respected. They are the judges, and not the newspapers or the Secretary of State. Nothing but the production of new evidence

which could not have been produced at the trial, or the strong opinion of the presiding judge, can justify an interference with their decision. The responsibility of deciding must rest somewhere, and by the constitution of this country it rests with them. The question of the guilt of Dr. Smethurst does not, however, remain where it was at the conclusion of the trial. After the verdict, he volunteered a statement of some length; and that statement, after making allowances for the circumstances under which it was made, appears to us to add considerably to the force of the testimony against him. Several of the statements which it contained were falsehoods or equivocations—several were highly suspicious—and several others might, if true, have been proved by evidence.

Considered in a legal point of view, the case is one of the most remarkable ever tried in a court of justice. The mode in which the different streams of evidence lead up to and combine with each other is as curious as anything of the sort can be. In a moral point of view, the horror of the story is such as to supersede the necessity of a single observation.

THE SWISS EXCURSIONIST.

THE progress of railways has introduced an entirely new class to the pleasures of touring, who in former days were utterly excluded from them. There were the courier tourists in old days, travelling post and spending recklessly, and there were pedestrians, like Goldsmith, who fared scarcely better than the peasantry of the countries they were walking through. But poor Paterfamilias on his travels, eking out his thrifty savings to make them last over a month's outing in Switzerland, is a creation of a very recent date. The animal is a peculiar one, and his haunts and habits deserve investigation. His appearance is so characteristic that there is no difficulty in recognising him anywhere on the road. He is not distinguished by that superb serenity of demeanour, that faultless kit, that bran new suit of flannel ditto, that ostentatious field-glass and well-lettered Alpenstock which mark the veteran pedestrian of the Oberland. Rather he is to be seen on railway platforms, dusty and deliquescent, clinging like grim death to somebody else's carpet-bag, and jabbering a hopeless patois to some despairing guard. He wears none of the insignia of Alpine travel, for neither his purse nor his person are equal to the exactions of Swiss inns and glacier passes. When he reaches Interlaken and Lucerne he probably purchases an Alpenstock, but not having been accustomed to the use of that weapon in Oxford-street, he soon lays it aside as a stupid foreign contrivance. But if he is unencumbered by knapsack or mountain boots, his daughters have, on the other hand, brought all their best gowns, and the provident mother has packed up all the school books, that the children may not dawdle away their time. The luggage charges which are the result of Paterfamilias looks on as a special act of hostility towards England, and is, in consequence, half reconciled to the prospect of a French war. Long before he has reached his journey's end, his face is furrowed with lines of care which it never knew when his foot was on his native omnibus. His meditations during travel are equally sad, whether he looks forward or looks back. If he thinks of his morning's hotel bill he is all lamentation—if he dwells on the probable fate of his luggage he is all anxiety. His life is weary with looking for the dozen bags and bandboxes which his party insist on taking into the carriage with them, and listening to their consoling reflections on his wisdom in coming abroad. Bed brings him no refreshment, for the bugs keep it up till sunrise, and then the inmates of the hotel yard commence a general conversation on men and things which seems to him inexhaustible. Dinner is very little better. He can get neither sherry nor pale ale, and he has not seen a bit of a joint since he left Folkestone. But he is out for the purpose of enjoying himself, and he believes, with a touching sincerity, that he is doing it.

What bears him up, however, in the endurance of bugs and privations, is the feeling that he shall get to Switzerland at last, and that then there will be no more trouble. And in Switzerland, with whatever loss of temper or of bandboxes, the caravan duly arrives at last. Where to pitch his tabernacle is a matter of no little perplexity. He sees the snow-tipped peaks, but does not feel the slightest inclination to go among them, for he has a vivid recollection how slippery Holborn was after a snow-storm. Moreover, his daughters declare they hate walking up hill, and his wife is sure it must be drafty among those glaciers. Such hotels as the Schweizer-Hof are all very well for single men, but they would ruin a family man in a week; and he finds, to his despair, that in these barbarous countries there are no lodgings to be got by the week, as at Margate. So he has no alternative but to go into a *Pension*—an institution which he is with some difficulty made to understand is not a school—either on one of the lakes, or in some valley of modest altitude, into which no perpetual snow ever ventures to intrude. The journey has its drawbacks. Coming from a country where begging is at least discouraged, and porters are dismissed if they are known to take a sixpence, he naturally looks upon the land as judicially given over to the plague of mendicants and porters. He can scarcely move a step along his road without having to buy off the importunities of some dirty, stalwart peasant, holding out his hand with a knowing grin. Wherever that pile of multifarious

boxes enshrining the school books and the new dresses changes its conveyance, there are two armies of porters to be fee'd. This readiness to offer their services extends to the whole of this noble and independent people. His path seems lined with youthful peasants burning to welcome him—some offering sour fruit, others yelling out in his honour mountain melodies of a most execrating character, others pushing open light cattle-gates on his road, others volunteering an unasked-for shove to one or other of his brigade of porters, but all insisting with resolute importunity on a portion of his Swiss money in return. At last, footsore, fleeced, and panting, having in the course of the ascent turned round to admire the landscape with a frequency quite puzzling to his wife on horseback, who knows his civic tastes, he leads his party into the *pension*. He has dreamed of this as a haven of repose, the end of all his watchings, all his labour, all his strife—a sweeter Gravesend, a lovelier Herne Bay. Rude is the shock by which his visions are dispelled. He is shown into a long corridor with a number of little doors, reminding him exactly of what he has seen at Millbank. Four or five of the doors are opened, and his party are packed into low, narrow cells, just long enough to admit two beds. He enters into the terrestrial paradise in which his month's outing is to be passed. It is carpetless, paperless, curtainless. There is no stove or fireplace, though there is a chilling mist on the valley which freezes the very marrow in his weary bones. He tries to shut the window, but he finds that the wooden partitions which divide his cell from those of his German neighbours have warped and split in the changing atmosphere to that extent that he can not only command an instructive view of all their proceedings, but also enjoy a fullshare of the fumes of the very equivocal tobacco which they are industriously smoking. To add to his miseries, he is convinced, by the most palpable evidence, that Switzerland has, as yet, produced no Chadwick. In despair he rushes up to what he is told is the *salon*—a square room, equally innocent of carpet, but boasting an ancient pianoforte in one corner, from whose wheezy chords an enthusiastic professor is trying to extract a sonata. But unluckily for our excursionist's repose, the foreigners are amusing themselves with a genial game, of which the principal excitement seems to consist in everybody rushing in suddenly, and occupying simultaneously all the chairs. As a last refuge, he takes his seat at the table of the dreary *table-d'hôte* room, and waits for supper. It would be heartless to dwell on the agonies of that meal. We can better imagine than describe the horror with which his civic eyes glare at the gently-browned grease which they call soup, or the energy with which he attacks the waiter for having, as he thinks, given him vinegar instead of wine; and it is cruel to recall the gentle hints of his fair relatives as to who was the person who would insist, whatever anybody else could say, on bringing them to this nasty place. But sleep, he thinks, will be a balm to all his sufferings—sleep, in spite of chill mountain mists, and smoking Germans, and querulous female tongues, is still a solace left to all. Vain hope! As soon as the painful meal is ended, and the exigencies of digestion will permit, he returns to his cell, and inserts himself between the two feather-beds which do duty instead of bed-clothes. Scarcely has he closed his eyes when he is awakened by a din which, in his dreams, he at first imagines is a concert of infuriated hurdy-gurdies assembled to torment him in his native street. When, at last, he is fairly woken up, and stirs his stiff limbs, with many a curse, to go and ask the meaning of the row, he is told that unfortunately a party of musicians have been belated in the valley, and, indignant at being refused admittance into the crowded *pension*, have taken this means of enforcing their demands. He retires in disgust, and gets to sleep again with difficulty. Almost immediately he is reawakened by a noise of scarcely inferior calibre, which, on inquiry, he is informed is the daily start of such travellers as are enthusiastic enough—he thinks them only fit for Bedlam—to wish to see the sunrise from some neighbouring peak.

Day follows day, and misery follows misery, perhaps in varying, but still unbroken stream. Our excursionist's purse is too light and his leave too scanty to suffer him to resume his wanderings. He is condemned to the delights of a Swiss *pension* till the time comes for him to turn back, humbled and woe-begone, to the less romantic comforts of Baker-street. True that before him and above him are outspread the glories of the grandest scenery the world can show, and that all his small discomforts would seem ridiculous to any real lover of the beautiful. But these glories are not for him. He has come to Switzerland, as two-thirds of his countrymen come, not to enjoy it, but to say that he has been there; and on all tourists of that temper Switzerland will most assuredly have its revenge. As he is journeying grumblingly home, and the wife of his bosom is conjugally improving the occasion by impressing upon him his many infirmities and her own invariable wisdom, will he permit us to add our mite of counsel to his class? Whoever wishes to enjoy Switzerland must make up his mind to sacrifice freely either his money or his comfort. If he has money, and does not mind spending it, he will do very well. If he is sufficiently hardy not to care for the small discomforts of the body in the presence of the highest pleasures of the mind, he will do still better. But if he, or those he is taking with him, have limited means and dainty habits, and are particular about their creature comforts, they had better leave Switzerland alone. They will enjoy Greenwich almost as much, even when the tide is coming up.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

A FEW days ago there was a case at one of the police courts in which an injured innocent complained that he had been victimised by a set of skittle-sharpers. The curious thing was that all these miscreants were, according to his statement, "gentlemen." A venerable gentleman had engaged him in conversation until a second highly convivial gentleman joined them, and offered to bet the narrator that he would knock down an astonishing number of skittles in two throws. The victim pleaded that he had no money, but the gentleman replied that there happened to reside hard by a gentleman who was in the habit of making temporary advances on gentlemen's watches. The complainant deposed that on hearing this he pawned his watch, accompanied the gentlemen to the skittle ground, and then saw the betting gentleman knock down the prescribed number of skittles in a very easy and gentlemanly way. The presiding magistrate naturally congratulated the prosecutor on the great number of gentlemen with whom he appeared to have been brought in contact within so short a space of time. The sufferer did but carry to an outrageous length a very common manner of talking. There is nothing which delights the rising democrats of the day so much as to call each other "ladies and gentlemen." Without the expenditure of a penny, and by a mere twist of the tongue, they place themselves on a level with the proudest aristocracy. All that is required is that they shall steadily exchange the term of honour with each other, and insist on its being accorded them by their betters. A lady was purchasing an article in a Baker-street shop, and remarked that on a previous occasion she had been told by the "young person" who served her, that the thing required was to be obtained there. "Young person, ma'am," was the reply, "you mean the young lady." We may soon expect to reach the point which Mr. Stirling records to have been attained in New York. There, a tailor, seeing a wealthy customer, told his foreman to measure this "man," while he spoke of an artisan who had come to order a suit as "this gentleman." The mob had been so successful in seizing on the title which they grudged their betters, that it had come to be considered as appropriate only to persons of a very low station. We on this side the water cannot prevent a similar process being accomplished here. Skittle-sharpers will insist on being gentlemen, and the assistants of minor shopkeepers will insist on being ladies. So far, modern democracy is sure to triumph. The spirit of levelling equality will gradually extend to the sweepings of the streets a term that once implied the possession of birth, wealth, or learning.

And this is only one of the many signs of a strong and increasing desire in English society for a superficial equality. Servant maids like, above all things, to dress like their mistresses, and to imitate them in every point that is cheap and accessible. They have even got so far now, we believe, as to send out cards when they are married. The working classes also get more independent in manner and thought; and this is very much the result of education. There can be no doubt that the tendency of popular education at present is to make the educated long to rise in the world. Parents make sacrifices for their children, and take trouble to send them to the best school in the neighbourhood, in order that their girls and boys may get on, and stand on a higher level than they themselves have done. The dream of the imperfectly educated is always the possession of immense wealth; and the clever boys and girls at the parish school are all longing to invade the rich plains of society, and occupy right and left. In the long run, perhaps, education may become less exceptional than it is now, and then it may inspire content. If every one were educated, there would be no particular reason why each individual should hope and expect to surpass his neighbours. But at present, education inspires discontent. The realities of life, however, soon make these educated young people understand that things are not arranged exactly as they could wish, and that, if they will eat, they must work. They console themselves by copying the external symbols of the persons for whom they work. A young woman who longs to ride in her carriage, and who feels that, with her simper and fine manner of throwing back her hair, she really ought to do so, finds herself obliged to serve in a shop, and to go through the low process of attracting and satisfying customers. She comforts herself by calling herself a lady. In her heart she suspects that this is rather absurd, but outwardly she is most tenacious in asserting the claim. As she cannot get a proper recognition of all her claims from society, she will at least insist on being called a young lady. Nor need society much grudge her this trifling pleasure. If we found that it cheered a knacker in his melancholy occupation to call himself the Emperor of Proosher, should we refuse him this innocent solace? These appellations of "ladies and gentlemen," the inflated silk dresses of maids, their scents, and their wedding-cards, are in a great measure so many protests against having a lot in life inferior to what, in their early visions, they anticipated. We may laugh at them, but there is no reason why we should not endure them with tolerable patience.

It is only justice to these "ladies and gentlemen" to remember that the symptoms they exhibit are displayed in every class of society. It is the general aim of the successful Britisher to become hereafter more than he is now, and for the present to seem more than he is. What is champagne at Bloomsbury dinners, but my lady's maid in my lady's dresses? Even in the very

small portion of society which is already at the top of the tree, and has accordingly no worldly rise to wish for, there is a change of modern manners not unlike the high-life below stairs that so widely prevails. The respect once rendered by children to parents may very fairly represent the respect once rendered to superiors by inferiors, and the terms of extreme ease on which children are with their parents, are as great a change now in the highest society as rustling in silk is in the lowest. In every rank of English society there is going on a process of which the main characteristic is that it is a levelling process. And in the particular point of what may be called the "uppishness" of the lower orders, we cannot by any means say that the change is one wholly to be regretted. Persons who complain of it are apt to judge a large matter by tests which are sometimes purely local, and sometimes imaginary. They think of an old-fashioned, steady, respectful, dutiful servant, and say that the class has died away now; or they paint to themselves a model village, where a happy peasantry repays the parental benevolence of the squire and the pastor by a cheerful but meek submissiveness. There is much more to take into account than is comprehended in any exceptional instances of this sort. In a very large part of England the labouring classes have been kept much too low. They have been sacrificed both to the theory that the greatest virtue they could display was that of touching their hats in a humble and scared manner when they came across gentlefolk, and also to much lower and more sordid motives. They have been artificially degraded in order that they may be manageable, and their labour come cheap to their employers. It is difficult to believe the tyranny that is exercised in this way, and the recklessness with which the aim of depressing the poor is pursued. We speak within our knowledge when we say that there are districts in the south-western part of England where the clergy are prevented from aiding the poor, and encouraging them to direct their superabundant hands where they are more wanted, because the combination of farmers is so strong, and the outcry would be so loud if the employers apprehended that their serfs would be made better off. The English labourer, generally, is not in the position in which he ought to be. If we could have his position changed exactly in the pleasantest manner, we should like to avoid the absurdities of his daughters being called ladies if they ever have the luck to go to a sixpenny tea-garden, and of their sticking out their petticoats, when not in pawn, with some sort of precarious hooping, in order to rival the daughters of the squire. But this is not the best of all possible worlds, and we cannot refuse to see that these absurdities are mixed up inextricably with the process of making the labourer wish to rise. We have so thoroughly persuaded ourselves that the rural village type of pauper humility is the final state destined by Heaven for the poor, that we resolutely shut our eyes to the exceedingly low point at which the English labourer is kept. Gradually he is rising. Great things, such as Free-trade and emigration, have done much for him; but little things have done something for him also, and amongst these little things, the aping of superficial equality, in itself ludicrous and even repulsive, may be one.

The passion for equality in England is still superficial. We are yet impressed at every turn of our lives with the habits and traditions of a graduated society. The sham ladies in shops know and respect a real lady. The maid still looks up to, and often admires and loves, her mistress. The old aristocratical cast of things holds us all within its mould. The squire and the clergyman are still the great authorities of the village. The counties are administered by local magnates—the well-established families are put at the head of everything. The vast majority of the people are satisfied with all this. There is not much in England of the nasty mean spirit of democratic jealousy; and we may therefore hope to go through a social change without entirely altering the old character of the country. We are in an age of transition. Something that a few years ago would have been called very democratic must unavoidably establish itself in English society; for everything that we think it most incumbent on us to encourage makes this change unavoidable. Education gives the poor new and often foolish notions, but we cannot cease to educate the poor. Increased facility of locomotion makes the poor man able to offer himself in the best market, instead of respectfully starving in his native village; but we cannot stop the railway trains. Cheap bread and peace make the poor have something on their backs as well as in their stomachs, and often the backs of their women are adorned in execrable taste; but we cannot revive Protection in order that village girls may wear print frocks of a neat lilac pattern. We cannot keep the poor man permanently down, and whilst he is rising, he and his family will be often obtrusive and offensive, like all other parvenus. We have reached the point of national history when some change in the condition of the poor was a matter of certainty. Very fortunately, through the real anxiety of the rich to do right, and through the immense hold which traditional manners or feelings have on all Englishmen, this change promises to be effected in a quiet and satisfactory, because a slow manner. There is some rational ground for hoping that we may attain many of the advantages which democracy brings to the poor, without the overwhelming disadvantage of a democratic thirst for equality seizing on all society. M. de Tocqueville has pronounced that every society of the Western world is tending irresistibly to democracy. In one sense

this is quite true. As men gain some little wisdom in making laws, and attain a sense of their duties to society, they are both capable and desirous of giving those advantages to the poor which are sure to make the poor more independent in manner as well as in fact. But it is not true, so far as we know, that European societies are all tending to fall into the same pattern of democracy. If the upper classes of England are wise in their generation during the next half century, they may fix the type and the limits of English democracy for a long time. Meanwhile they must regard with indulgence the little trumpery signs of superficial equality. These follies must be looked on as the safety-valves through which the democratic spirit relieves itself. If a girl in a shop calls herself a lady she is very silly, but no great harm is done provided that she is sufficiently comforted by this demonstration against society to avoid the bitterness, envy, and malice against those superior to her in station and education, which is the curse of her equals in France.

BRAMWELLIANA.

A PRIVATELY printed volume is extant, called *Arabiniana*. It consists of the odd observations, taken down *verbatim*, delivered many years ago from the seat of judgment by one who was scarcely a Solomon—a Serjeant Arabin, who was, if we remember rightly, Judge at the Middlesex Sessions. A companion monograph, it is hoped, will one day be prepared of *Bramwelliana*; and the sayings and doings of the learned Baron on the present Western Circuit, in which his Lordship is one of the judges of assize, will provide some brilliant materials. Not that we deem any close parallel can be drawn between Serjeant Arabin and the Baron. The one was a very ignorant—the other is, we believe, a very learned person; but still there are points of resemblance. Baron Bramwell—or the circuit reporters misrepresent his Lordship—is troubled with a loose and easy tongue, and administers justice in a free and unbuttoned way. He thinks familiarly, and talks as he thinks. Indeed, he may be said to represent Justice on the loose. We do not mean to say that in the least degree the substantial requirements of the law are neglected under the Baron's auspices; but its dignity is very materially impaired by his fluent talk and *degagé* manners and language. Besides this, Baron Bramwell has another characteristic in possessing a mind which he probably believes superior to forms. There is an extant archbishop who has the same sublime contempt for the stiffness of professional etiquette; but those who know the administration of ecclesiastical matters in Dublin have reason to regret that even a Whately cannot condescend to the ordinary trivialities of station and dignity; and perhaps some kind friend might hint to Baron Bramwell that the highest intellects scorn the petty ambition of eccentricity. The Baron clearly sets up in the eccentric line. No doubt he will disregard any remonstrance from us. To use his own manner of speech, he is one of those who "will hardly regard the rubbish they read in newspapers." He says, in gnomie language, "so long as there are people who take a pleasure in reading scandal; some would be provided for them, and people must make up their minds to it."

Now we are not going to provide scandal for those who like it. We are only about to put together Baron Bramwell's *obiter dicta* on a single circuit, and to exhibit the slipper and shirt-sleeves look of justice which his Lordship represents, if he does not aim at it. It can be no scandal, for all that we shall quote is reported, and is doubtless a faithful chronicle of what fell from the seat of justice; and if it is rubbish which people read in the newspapers, it is only of the Baron's own providing. As we have said, we suppose the key to the Baron's mind is his contempt for stiffness and conventionality. His Lordship commenced his judicial career by the famous protest against witnesses taking off their glove on receiving the book of the New Testament on which to be sworn. This form roused the Baron's easy contempt, and he expressed such contempt with his usual loosely jointed amplitude of speech. So, on the present circuit, we find that, on at least one occasion, his Lordship declined to go in state to church on the opening of the assizes. Now, we are far from saying that a judge is better—at any rate, we could not pronounce it of Baron Bramwell—for going to Church. We do not enter into his Lordship's religious views—very likely he thinks the whole thing a cumbrous form. He may prefer to go to church in his private capacity; or he may be addicted to that high abstract view of religious observances which considers them as really such very awful things that true reverence consists in keeping at a respectful distance from them. Or Baron Bramwell may have adopted Lord Eldon's "buttress" theory of Christianity. But, be this as it may—which is no public concern—the Baron ought, as a public officer, to condescend to meaner minds, and his example may scandalize less sublime intellects than his own. Moreover, on circuit the Baron is not a private individual, but the Queen's representative. People have narrow-minded prejudices on these subjects. Some even think that much of the awfulness of justice for uneducated or half-educated minds—that is, for nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand—consists in the splendours, and formalities, and old-world uncommon observances connected with it. The matter of the gloves and the going to church is as much a part of a system which has a great moral value as the Baron is himself. On circuit the judge of assize is, after all, much of a form himself. Divested of his baronship—which title certainly, if you come to

look at it, will not bear a moment's investigation and analysis—stripped of wig and ermine, cropped of "my lord," and shorn of the pride, pomp and circumstance of his dignity—Baron Bramwell himself would look small. Indeed, when he does divest himself of these he is small. He is but a poor talker and a small jester, and by no means a first-rate conversationalist as he delivers himself on the bench; and, of all judges living, we should say Baron Bramwell is not the one who can best afford, as a merely personal matter, to be brought back to his pure essence. He really might as well have gone to church. Nobody would have thought the worse of him personally for listening to, or at least for being present at, the assize sermon; and a good many people like the outward and visible connexion of justice and its officials with religion. Hooker says something—but we will not quote Hooker—on the majesty and religiosity of law. But, at any rate, those poor stupid people down at Bodmin and Exeter have been accustomed of old to see the judges at church. Religion is none the better for it, and Christianity certainly gains nothing by Baron Bramwell's respectful compliance—but justice may lose something by his contemptuous absence. And, as we have said, the judges on assize are not private persons—they are official and ministerial, and parts of a system, one-half of the strength of which consists in its traditions and forms. It is no sign of a great mind either to be ignorant of or to despise this truth—rather, it is only a small mind which despises small things. A judge certainly may establish a character by innovating on the practice of ungloving and going to church in the judicial formalities; but then the question occurs, What sort of a character? However, as Baron Bramwell has chosen his road to fame, and has found it in this dirty lane to the Temple of Immortality, we may wonder at but shall not dispute his taste.

The idea proposed to himself by the man who is above petty forms and minute observances is of course a lofty and sublime one. It is the great mind which he affects. He sits on an eminence, intellectual and moral, above the sons of men; he soars up to a purer ether of intelligence into which passion, prejudice, and pettiness cannot enter. Serene and cold, star-like, he dwells apart—he bathes his spirit in pure intellect. This must be Baron Bramwell's idea. How does he fulfil it? We must say, in a very prosaic fashion. He may aim at angelic and superhuman heights, but, as reported, he only talks like Poor Poll. One looks at least for consistency and severity in this sort of character. How is it fulfilled? One day—it was on a Monday, at Bristol—when all the counsel engaged thought proper to be absent at Exeter, the learned Baron deemed that the public interests required him to denounce all the leading barristers as being guilty of "a trick, error, or mistake, or whatever it might be." This "trick was not to be played again," "the real offenders" were to look to it; "this was the only way to get at those who were really to blame." Well, all this might be very justifiable, and at any rate it was very strong. The case was, or ought to have been, very bad indeed to justify a judge in using this very full-bodied vituperation of the leaders of the Western Circuit. But something occurred between Monday and Wednesday; and even the Baron displayed a very human inconsistency and fallibility. On Wednesday, one of the barristers thus severely handled ventured upon an apology, or explanation, or "whatever it might be," to use the Baron's shambling language, whereupon the judge, all-honey, interrupts the stumbling apologist:—"Mr. Smith, I do not think you need have taken the trouble to say anything. People will hardly regard the rubbish they read in newspapers." Wednesday's Bramwell and Monday's Bramwell are sadly at issue. If Mr. Smith had really nothing to apologise for or to explain, the learned Baron said a great deal too much on Monday. Perhaps he did—his Lordship seems to think so. He characterizes what appeared in the newspapers as rubbish, and perhaps it was so, though all that appeared in the newspapers was simply his Lordship's own observation about the trick. Very likely it was rubbish; but it is a very awkward thing for a judge to utter talk on Monday which on Wednesday he is obliged to stigmatize as rubbish—to tell half a dozen gentlemen that they have been guilty of a trick, and then, in eight-and-forty hours, to beg they will say nothing about it. We are not going into the question in which the character of Mr. Kingdon, and Mr. Collier, and Mr. Smith, and others are involved. We are only concerned with Baron Bramwell, and we do say that either his Lordship's censure of the Bar, or his Lordship's white-washing of it, is very unjust as well as very undignified. To eat one's words is always an unpleasant performance—in a judge on assize it is something much worse.

Here is another aspect of Baron Bramwell. A soldier at Aldershot was found guilty of the brutal and bloody murder of a miserable prostitute. On passing sentence—

The Judge, having put on the black cap, addressed the prisoner,—"I don't think that the jury could properly have given any other verdict. No doubt you killed that young woman, and there is no doubt that you were in a state of mind which would not have justified an acquittal. My duty is a short one. I don't desire to reproach you or to give you pain, because I can't help feeling sorry for you. You bore a good character, and you had a sort of regret for what you had done abroad, which makes one sorry for you; but, without saying anything to give you pain, it is my duty to warn you that the sentence will be carried into effect, and it is my duty to tell you that it was a very cruel and a very bad act, for you went out with a determination to do some mischief, and this unfortunate creature came in your way, and you took her life, and you cannot expect your own to be spared. Therefore make your arrangements and preparations, and you will have all the advice you may require as to what you ought to do—it is not my duty to enforce it upon you—my duty

is to pass the sentence of the law. His Lordship then passed the awful sentence of the law on the prisoner, who was then removed from the dock. The Judge omitted the usual concluding prayer.

We are not going to criticise this talk—it speaks for itself. If the man was guilty of murder, it was—we say it with all respect—the judge's duty both to reproach the murderer, and to give him pain, and to advise him to try to repent. And the impropriety of the omission of that solemn formula—so long and so properly connected with the English doomster's terrible duty—we shall not try to argue with Baron Bramwell. If his address on passing sentence is not a gratuitous outrage on general feeling, it is, to put it on the lowest ground, a serious deviation from good taste. And yet, with a curious idiosyncrasy of character, Baron Bramwell, though he will not take upon himself the office of spiritual adviser to the murderer, is a man who is always talking of his feelings. He spares this very murderer's feelings; and he sympathizes with everybody's feelings. On the very simple matter of a jury returning a verdict according to law and his Lordship's ruling, he breaks out into this fervid congratulation:—"Quite right, gentlemen; it would have grieved me to the heart if you had found the other way." And on another occasion, so strong was his feeling in a poaching case, that he tells the prisoner, a gamekeeper, that he had deferred passing sentence in order to allow his indignation to cool down. The Scotch deacon's saying to Lady Glenorchy occurs to us—"Mair o' your siller, my leddy, and less o' your manners;" and so perhaps the public would be disposed to say to the learned Baron, More of your law, and less of your feelings. But the Bramwelliana are by no means complete without a full-length specimen of his lordship's curiously bald and disjointed fragmentary talk. We conclude with a dialogue, the authenticity and accuracy of which prove themselves, while the broad smashing way in which the provinces of religion and the world are defined is more characteristic of his Lordship than, as generally understood, quite consistent with that reverence for religion which one is accustomed to in an English judge:—

Upon the jury being called,

A Juror said he could not take the oath, because he was a Christian.

The Judge.—The great majority of the world are clearly of a different opinion. There are wrong-headed people, but some of them are entitled to respect whenever they act from conscientious principles. You say you think you can't take the oath; therefore you can't do it. What do you propose to do?

The Juror.—The words of Scripture, 5th Matthew, are very explicit.

The Judge.—I am not going to argue it. We must take it, and I believe that the man who differs from all the world is wrong. What do you wish to do; will you affirm?

The Juror.—I can't take upon me the office of a jurymen. I am a Christian, and, the Lord having pardoned my sins—

The Judge.—Why can't you take the oath?

The Juror.—According to the doctrine of grace.

The Judge.—Of grace? I don't think that is tenable. What has grace to do with earthly matters? Do you say that the verdict has been predestined?

The Juror.—We are not to resist evil, 5th Matthew; we are to suffer.

The Judge.—You suffer the evil the law puts upon you. It is downright nonsense. The best thing I can say is, that such a man is not fit to sit on a jury.

Mr. Phinn.—The counsel on both sides agree with your Lordship.

The Judge.—Get out of the box, but don't leave the Court, because you are not to make a holiday by your nonsense.

Nonsense enough, we admit; but the reflection occurs, that if those who talk nonsense are to be mulcted of their holidays, it is not much of a Long Vacation which Baron Bramwell deserves.

THE CLASSICISTS ON THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

A DEPUTATION of architects has waited on Lord Palmerston for an object which is not very clear. We will endeavour to treat this visit of the professional gentlemen without any special reference to Mr. Scott and his design for the Foreign Office, but rather in connexion with the professional considerations involved. The deputation consisted of the practitioners of so-called Classicism, and of some surveyors and house-builders, whose opinion has its value—we will not say what value—as well as of certain artists disappointed in the late award of the Government commission to Mr. Scott. The question is, What is the judgment of these gentlemen worth? and what is it that they waited on Lord Palmerston to represent?

First, though not very obviously, there is the intelligible ground of disappointed expectation. Messrs. Banks and Barry headed the deputation, as rejected candidates. We make every allowance for the personal and interested motive; but, though strong, it is not very dignified. To get up a grievance deputation of this sort, and to canvass for support, may be natural in a tradesman, but hardly befits an artist. In the interests of the mother art of architecture, we demur to the introduction of this sort of thing into what ought to be an ennobling pursuit. Professor Donaldson, whose artistic achievements certainly vindicate his title—that of professor rather than practitioner of architecture—spoke to the principle of competition. His view is that the prizemen ought to be taken in order; but with a curious infelicity, he is willing that No. 1 in the class list should be displaced for No. 2, though he cannot consent, on any consideration, that No. 2 should give place to No. 3. He would sacrifice Messrs. Coe and Holfand, but he takes his stand on Messrs. Banks and Barry. At the risk of tediousness, we must deal with these grounds put forward against Mr. Scott's appointment. Now, the ground

upon which No. 1—Messrs. Coe and Hofland's design—was displaced, was the technical and professional, and therefore the authoritative, evidence of Mr. Burn, the professional assessor. His evidence—he not being one of the *dilettanti*—must be especially important to Mr. Sidney Smirke. Mr. Burn's testimony disposed of No. 1; but it did something more, which Mr. Donaldson finds it convenient to forget. It established an equality, to say the least of it, between Nos. 2 and 3, the designs of Messrs. Banks and Barry, and Mr. Scott respectively. "Suppose," Mr. Burn is asked, "your list had been taken, would not the man who had obtained the second prize in the competition [Mr. Scott] have been the most distinguished of any?" *Ans.*—"Certainly." Mr. Charles Barry affects to think that this is a monstrous principle, because it would be equivalent to the statement that two second places are equal, or preferable, to two firsts. But he forgets that the two firsts on the lists of competitors are distinct persons, each of whom failed egregiously in the other competition, and in two designs differing in character, and unsuited to each other; while in both competitions the second place is gained by one artist whose designs are abler in character, and studiously thought out to suit each other. We feel this to be a sufficient and complete answer to the objections urged on the pretended moral ground to Mr. Scott's present position as architect of the Foreign Office, and to Lord John Manners' choice.

But what, in point of fact, the deputation meant was a plea for Classicism against Gothic. They allege that not only is Lord Palmerston's personal taste—a matter which we have on another occasion disposed of—in favour of non-Gothic, but that public opinion is on the same side, as shown by the fact that two hundred designs in the competition were non-Gothic, and only thirty Gothic. We can account for the fact, and it turns out to be much in favour of Pointed. Before the competition there was a distinct rumour that Gothic would not have fair play, notwithstanding Lord Llanover's pledge or statement to the contrary. The rumour was unfounded, but it told. Hence the paucity of Pointed designs; and yet out of the two hundred Italian and Classic designs only three got prizes, while four out of the thirty received them. In other words, the relative value of Gothic, as such, against non-Gothic, as such, was proved to be in the ratio of six to one. But we can easily carry the war into the enemy's lines, and contrast Classical with Gothic on other grounds. We may ask how the professors of Classical fulfil their own ideal. Mr. Tite "noticed the necessity for character and expression in a public building; a prison should look like a prison, and a palace like a palace." Mr. Tite is known by the Royal Exchange. What does that building express? What idea of an Exchange does it carry out? We would ask Mr. Smirke what, at the first glance, does the British Museum or the Post Office convey? What affinity is there between our letters and a Greek temple? What is the identity of character between the remains of the debased Roman buildings, and their purpose, and our domestic life? Professor Donaldson "eulogized the architects who had decorated not only the western portions of the metropolis, but also the City, by their non-Gothic works." *In generalibus latet*—we all know what. The Professor was right in declining to specify these architectural gems or their authors. One, and the most distinguished, Classicist—Mr. Cockerell—was absent from the deputation; it was his son, and not the architect of the Bank, who appeared at Lord Palmerston's. If Mr. Donaldson was alluding either to the Royal Exchange, or the Post Office, or the British Museum, we demur to his judgment. Each of these is a bad building in its style, and the style is totally unsuitable to our domestic and secular uses. The horizontal style—that of columns and impost, is totally misapplied to a building in stories, or flats of rooms. The portico, with its colonnade and pediment—the things which the Classicists consider *de rigueur*—is always a mere expensive excrescence tacked on to domestic architecture. It is not the best constructive outcrop of the roof, and is out of keeping with the flanking or receding windows. Of all false styles of art, that which attempts to apply columnar architecture to a structure the main object of which is rooms and stories is the falsest. And as this criticism disposes of Greek and so-called Roman art—which at best is a mere debasement, and bears the same relation, æsthetic and chronological, to pure Greek art that Tudor does to Pointed—it is enough to remark that Italian, after all, is only Pointed in feeling with pseudo-classical details. In other words, Lord Palmerston himself, in his alleged preference for Italian, is only unconsciously Gothickizing. Whatever there is good and true in Italian, is only Pointed in masquerade. Two styles, and two only, are tolerable—pure Greek art, that is, honest, earnest, severe, horizontal art; and pure Pointed, that is, honest, earnest, truthful, vertical art. A Greek temple is the perfection of the one; it culminated in Athens—and the European art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is the perfection of the other. Of this last, Italian is only a debasement. Now, as no human being—not even Mr. Penrose, whose name was paraded as "assenting to the proposed style," though what that style it would be hard to define—proposes to reproduce the Parthenon in Downing-street, we say that pure Pointed is the only real and true art for our purposes. Neither Roman nor Italian have any more right to be considered styles, in the true sense of the term, than Angelica Kauffman or West have to be considered as rivals of Raffaele and Perugino.

The real object of the deputation, however, was a narrow, and, we venture to add, a very undignified one. It was not in the interests of art, but of individuals, and was disguised with the

old tedious commonplaces, worn into rags by Mr. Coningham, about styles and sentiments; but it was, in fact, a personal attack on Mr. Scott. It is as ungracious in itself as new in our experience of art, for artists—not tradesmen—to come forward to prevent a brother artist from carrying out his own design. It cannot be in the high and sacred interests of Classical Architecture that these gentlemen waited on Lord Palmerston. The vituperated and monkish Gothic many of themselves practise—when they can get a commission. Mr. Barry, and Mr. Broderick, and Mr. Ashpitel, and, if we mistake not, Mr. Lamb and Mr. Owen Jones, do not consider Gothic so intolerable when confided to their own hands; and the same may be the case with others of the deputation, whose names and works, not being much before the world, we own never to have heard of. This is one side of the matter, and we unhesitatingly condemn this step on the part of the architects. It is unprofessional, unartistic, and, we had nearly said, ungentlemanly. On the other hand, Lord Palmerston was ill-advised in receiving the deputation. The proceeding is sure to provoke recrimination; but it has a worse aspect as regards the Premier. A distinct pledge was given in Parliament that the question of style should be left open till the next session; yet, to the deputation, Lord Palmerston as distinctly intimated that he had made up his mind. He is determined; he has given a pledge to resist a particular course in a matter which a colleague has pledged the Government to leave to the decision of Parliament. At all events, in his partisanship it is pity that he seems to forget facts. One objection to Mr. Scott's design, according to Lord Palmerston, is, that it necessitates the demolition of the State Paper Office. The fact is, however, that this very building, which all the competitors and Sir Benjamin Hall intended to pull down, is actually saved by Mr. Scott, who keeps his proposed Foreign Office back from it.

RIFLE CLUBS AND RIFLE CORPS.

NO one who understood the true character of the Rifle Club movement in this country can have been surprised that it did not collapse upon the unexpected return of peace. It was no sudden, unfounded panic upon which Englishmen were acting—no hobgoblin, conjured up by a heated fancy, which the returning light of reason would show in its true harmlessness. The events of the past year have taught them a lesson which could not be unlearned amid the pageantries of a Peace celebration, and the force of which could not be affected by any momentary change in the attitude of the great European Powers. France has returned to a peace footing—Englishmen still enrol themselves in rifle corps. A rhetorician might put the two facts side by side, and point to us as the disturbers of an otherwise universal harmony. But plain reason will be unable to see in the conduct of France and her ruler any guarantee of future tranquillity, or any reason for remaining unprepared against the contingencies to which a breach of that tranquillity would in all probability expose us. The belief on which Englishmen are now acting has grown with their growth—it is grounded on the experience of their fathers—on the solemn warnings of every great military authority, from the Duke of Wellington downwards—on the calculations of the coolest, on the alarms of the boldest and least fanciful amongst us. The more intimately we come to be acquainted with Continental affairs, the sounder do those calculations appear to have been, the more justifiable those alarms. What was matter of faith, recent events have turned into certainty. The fond dreamers of a peace epoch have been rudely refuted by the cannon of Solferino and Magenta. We have had ocular demonstration of the dangers which lie close to our shores—of the increased resources and unaltered characteristics of a warlike, impulsive, and sentimental nation which is our nearest neighbour. We have seen France, at the bidding of a single voice, lavishing her treasure and her children's lives with almost unexampled profusion, in a cause which, however admirable in itself, was certainly none of hers—we have seen her assume with delight the attitude of the arbitress of Europe, the champion of the weak, the avenger of the oppressed—we have seen her, fired with the enthusiasm of her idea, stretching every nerve for the accomplishment of an end in which she had little or no interest. Every appliance of modern science has been called into play to enlarge the scale on which operations were conducted. Steam and electricity have been pressed into the service, and have contributed their share towards the vast result. Huge armies have been transported hither and thither with almost incredible rapidity. A splendid fleet was ready, at a few days' notice, to support a land force or to carry destruction to an enemy's coast. The hand which set all this energy in motion was equally potent to bring it to a close. France paused in mid career; and at a word everything relapsed into quiet with an ease, a rapidity, a precision which served but to show the perfect organization of the whole apparatus, and the exquisite smoothness with which every wheel in the great machine was made to work. That mighty host is broken up, the soldiers of the army of Italy have gone to their homes with expressions of regret at separation, flushed with success, hot with blood, convinced of their own prowess, and longing, naturally enough, for another opportunity of "illustrating the flag of France."

There is nothing surely in all this to make Englishmen hesitate in the course of conduct upon which they had determined. This nation is long in resolving, slow to abandon its resolutions. We

hope and wish for peace. To no people could a war be of greater detriment than to ourselves. Our interests, along with those of the rest of Europe, depend in a large measure on the degree in which France can devote herself to the unostentatious development of her resources, and shake off that wretched spirit of military vanity and excitement which has so often ere now proved the curse of mankind. It is difficult to believe that she has as yet succeeded in doing so, and meantime she can hardly blame us for crediting her with some portion of those feelings which have been so often and so provokingly expressed, and which at one period, by his own confession, coloured the day-dreams of the man to whom she has now committed her destinies. We are asked to believe in the conversion of the French national character. If that conversion be sincere, there will be nothing in the present proceedings of England that can give offence. The hands of a peace party will be strengthened, the growth of a peace spirit will be fostered, by the knowledge that England is not unprepared, and that the invasion of our shores would be a task of extreme difficulty and peril. On the other hand, nothing will tend more to produce a calm and amicable spirit in this country towards France than the removal of a possibility which, however remote, is often enough subject of discussion, and the constant cause of annoyance and excitement. It would take away at once one of the chief elements that go to make up a war spirit—it would prevent a panic which, whether well grounded or not, is certainly of no unfrequent recurrence. It is difficult for us to feel at bottom very kindly towards a nation that causes us such apprehensions. We should like each other all the better if we ceased to have, or to fancy that we have, any grounds for suspicion and alarm. At present, if we are to believe the unanimous declaration of our military writers, our possessions lie very much at the mercy of the first comer. We trust to the complications of European affairs to render it impossible for any one to avail himself of the tempting opportunity; but that is not adequate ground of security for a wealthy, brave, and loyal nation. We feel it, and are nervous about it, and it is a sort of nervousness which lies near to dislike, and might at any moment kindle into positive hostility. And if the shiftings of European politics will not deter Englishmen from the task which they have taken in hand, still less will they be jeered out of their belief by that narrow school of politicians who philosophize in an atmosphere of cotton, and turn a deaf ear to every argument but those which find a place in their own ledgers. It will need something more than Mr. Bright's wholesale denunciations of England's glorious past, or the merriment of Mr. Cobden's correspondents, to move our countrymen from their present grave and earnest mood. It will not disturb their equanimity to learn that the inhabitants of Dieppe or New York "speak with profound pity, with the charity with which we should listen to a child, of the outrages raised by our newspapers and speakers about a French invasion." We are content to be pitied. The present movement is no "English craze," but a calm and deliberate course of conduct, cautiously adopted, as on the whole the most satisfactory solution of the difficulties to which our position in Europe and our national tastes and habits must necessarily expose us. Without the least intention of militarizing our population, we have got in the rifle clubs and corps something that might on an emergency correspond in some degree to the vast armaments which Continental Governments are able to send into the field. Without any expense that could be felt burthensome at home, without any display that could give umbrage abroad, the plan is being carried out in that simple, resolute, and emphatic manner which is the surest test of sincerity, and the best guarantee of success.

Like every other spontaneous growth, the movement seems unlikely to exhibit entire uniformity in its development. In several instances it has been determined to decline—at any rate for the present—the conditional aid proffered by the Government, and to form clubs which, unlike the corps, shall be governed from within, be independent of all external authority, and adhere to no one uniform standard of requirements. Such a system will no doubt have its advantages. At a meeting held the other day for providing some such association for the Weald of Kent, Mr. Beresford Hope pointed out the grounds on which a club might be found preferable, for the time at least, to any more regular and distinct mode of enrolment. A club, as he showed, so far from superseding the formation of a corps, may serve very usefully as a stepping-stone to it hereafter. It will be very easy, when the club is once in working order, at any moment to conform to the prescribed requirements, and to claim the aid of Government should it seem desirable to do so; and meantime the club gets rid of several difficulties, which might sometimes prove insurmountable in the formation of a corps. At any rate it will serve to familiarize the popular mind of the country with the outlines of a semi-military life, and to prepare men to receive regular instruction with far greater ease and rapidity than if they had never been submitted to any such preliminary training. Englishmen like nothing of a soldier's life but the actual fighting. The routine, the display, the marching and counter-marching, the exact discipline, the necessary tedium of military duty, are so distasteful to them that it is always to the most distressed portion of the community that the recruiting sergeant is obliged to look. This feeling would often deter the very men whose services are best worth having from entering a corps, unless under the pressure of some imminent danger, and it is in every way desirable that they

should be secured for the less stringent duties of the club to which they would in all probability feel no objection. Here they would at any rate learn to handle the rifle with skill and precision, and Major-General Hay's Report has shown us how much a very few days' practice, in the case of energetic and intelligent men, is capable of effecting. Of course, military authorities will speak with professional contempt of such irregular bodies as the rifle clubs must necessarily be; but with the example of Switzerland and the Tyrol before us, it would be perfectly unreasonable to deny that they might in an emergency prove of the gravest importance, and achieve results which, if scientifically incorrect and an outrage upon all the rules of war, would in the highest degree conduce to the safety and comfort of their fellow-countrymen. We do not care for war as an art; we look only at its results. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*, would be a criticism to which we should be entirely indifferent so long as the proceedings in question had the effect of ridding us, in the most speedy manner possible, of the unwelcome presence of an intruder.

It is probable that the attitude hitherto assumed by the Government towards the rifle corps may hereafter have to be modified to meet the requirements of the occasion; and, amongst other points, it will become a serious question whether some distinct encouragement might not be afforded to the formation of clubs. It would of course be impossible for the Government to grant aid except under uniform and rigid conditions; but it is to be hoped that no spirit of pedantry will lead to those conditions being unnecessarily burthensome or exclusive in their operation. The present is no moment for a too scrupulous nicety. We must beware lest military etiquette and official routine rob us of the services of men who, if reluctant to submit to the minute regularity of rigid discipline, still possess all the great essentials of good soldiers, and would be entirely reliable in the moment of danger. At the meeting to which we have already alluded, Sir John Herschel was one of the most prominent and earnest speakers; and when, as on this occasion, science, in the person of one of its most distinguished representatives—and when, as elsewhere, every best element of British society—gives in its adhesion to a movement truly national, it would be the worst policy to meet it with any other feeling than that of cordial encouragement. It would be a great misfortune if the Government should give the country any ground for supposing that it regards rifle clubs with dislike or suspicion; and though its chief and most direct support will of course be given to the bodies in more immediate connexion with itself, it would be very desirable that the public should be made to understand, in the most distinct and unmistakable manner, that the formation of rifle clubs is viewed with no unfavourable eye by the highest authorities.

REVIEWS.

JOHN MILTON.*

THE *Life and Times of Milton* by Professor Masson has so recently been noticed in our columns that we should not so soon again have touched on the subject had Mr. Keightley written merely a biography of the poet; but he has now followed up an introductory volume, published some years ago, and now reprinted, on Milton's *Life, Opinions, and Writings*, with a revised text and commentary of his poems. He has thus completed the task which he undertook, while from Mr. Masson we expect two volumes more upon the general history of the times and the personal relations of Milton to them as the polemical champion of the Independents. In Mr. Keightley's work we can therefore glance at the complete life and works of the great pamphleteer and poet, and the general merits of his narrative and his edition will justify such a retrospect.

The life of Milton comprises many of the elements which render Walton's *Lives* so attractive. It is the record of an Englishman of the middle class who attained to eminence in his own day by no one of its grand avenues—birth, wealth, or interest—who was neither statesman, soldier, lawyer, nor churchman, and who lived through a revolution without rising on any of its waves. To ourselves, indeed, his poems cast a long trail of radiance upon the facts of his life, but it was scarcely so with his contemporaries. Two-thirds of them saw in him only the regicide or the opponent of the Presbyterian party. The religious world looked on him as a recreant—the profane world as a traitor. The one could not forget his "New Presbyterian but old Priest writ large"—the others could not forgive his *Iconoclastes* and *Defensio Populi Anglicani*. Sectarians could not pardon his standing aloof from every sect—the orthodox scented Arianism in *Paradise Lost*, but were luckily ignorant of his work on *Christian Doctrine*. He was abominated equally by Scotch Calvinists and by Irish Papists. With Englishwomen he was scarcely more popular than his favourite poet, the misogynist Euripides; and Englishmen generally hailed his controversial works, and for a long time even his poems, with the taunt of the

* *An Account of the Life, Opinions, and Writings of John Milton*. With an Introduction to "Paradise Lost." By Thomas Keightley, Author of "Mythology of Greece and Italy," &c. London: Chapman and Hall, 1859. *The Poems of John Milton*. With Notes. By Thomas Keightley. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

Athenians, "Let us hear what this dreamer sayeth." Yet Milton pierced or surmounted every one of these impediments, and adorned through a long life the class in which he was born by his virtues, his learning, and his independence.

The loyal and orthodox linendraper of Fleet-street would doubtless have shrunk from a proposal to record the acts and opinions of the assailant of the bishops and the defender of the regicides, yet he might have found in them matter for his pen little less dignified and pathetic than the domestic misfortunes of Donne and Hooker. From 1640 to 1660, though his person was secure, his means easy, and his name bruited abroad, for evil or good repute, through half Europe, Milton was a sorely tried and burdened man. Home happiness was dealt to him in scanty measure—hereditary ties of friendship were broken by his opposition to the Presbyterians—and the imperious voice of duty to his countrymen called him from his favourite studies into the thorny paths of religious or political controversy. After the Restoration, and until his decease, though he then produced his immortal poems, and watched their dawn on the horizon, he was for a time encompassed by danger and always with darkness. Within were fears, without were fightings. The objects of his private reverence and public homage were either exiles in the wilderness, or consigned to the headsman, or torn ignominiously from their graves. His ideal commonwealth had vanished like a dream. Royalty had come back, to all outward seeming, stronger and more intolerable than it had been under the first Charles. In place of the sage grave men who surrounded Cromwell, Comus and his crew sat in Whitehall. The cause in which he had incurred, or at least precipitated, his blindness lay for the moment prostrate at the feet of a pensioner of France. He bated, indeed, no jot of heart or hope, though England was feeble than when it contained two Parliaments and echoed to the tread of two hostile armies. Yet such emotions as Wordsworth experienced when the news of the battle of Austerlitz reached him, must have lain heavy on Milton's heart during the last fourteen years of his life.

Mr. Keightley does not aspire, like Professor Masson, to write a history of Milton's times in which the proper central figure appears at intervals only, and often then without any near relation to the persons or events recorded. He has confined himself to the poet, his opinions and writings, or to such of his family and friends as directly influenced his character or fortunes. His narrative is not on that account the less interesting. Milton needs not a group or frieze of contemporaries to adorn him. He whose soul dwelt apart is a fitting subject for a monography. Until of late, indeed, he has not been fortunate in his biographers, who have all endeavoured to transmute him into an image of their own carving and moulding. From Toland, who tried hard to represent him as a Deist, to Dr. Symmons, who claimed him for a Whig, he has been made the victim of party or personal bias. One Mr. Joseph Ivimey, having no love for the successors of the Apostles, wrote a life of Milton in order that he—the biographer—might vent his own spleen against mitre and crozier. With the Tories Johnson and Warton, he passed for a peevish Puritan, rebellious at college, harsh at home, disaffected towards the powers that be, and, as the Emperor Constantine said of the crochety Bishop Aëtius, determined to scale heaven by a ladder of his own. In every one of these portraits we have, more or less, a caricature; and, for the true likeness, we must resort to the earlier and meagre records by Milton's nephew, Phillips, his friends Elwood, Marrell, and Richardson, by the gossiping Aubrey and Anthony Wood, or to such passages—fortunately numerous in his writings—in which the calumny of his enemies compelled Milton to proclaim to the world his studies and opinions, his austere virtues, his literary plans, or the secrets of his family and private life.

In Mr. Keightley's pages we have a correct, and generally a graphic portraiture of the great scholar, partisan, and poet. His narrative consists of four distinct portions, each of them exhibiting a particular phase or era of Milton's life. The first period reaches from his birth to his twenty-fourth year, when he had proceeded Master of Arts at Cambridge; the second comprises his residence at Horton and his Continental tour; the third extends from the year 1639 to 1660; and the fourth commences with the Restoration, and closes with Milton's death.

It rarely happens that the first generation in the life of distinguished men is the happiest period of it. "War," says the song, "comes with manhood, as light comes with day." We are left to infer from later circumstances the efforts by which Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare respectively overcame their earliest obstacles. It was not so, however, in the case of Milton. Until he had passed his thirtieth year trouble and calamity kept far from his hearth. He enjoyed the "retired leisure" which most men engaged in active life anticipate, but few realize, as the harvest of their labours. Doubtless his school-days had their peculiar sorrows, and we know that his course at Cambridge did not run altogether smoothly, but these were afflictions for the moment, and may not be accounted among the trials of a life. His studious retirement at Horton in Buckinghamshire apparently embraced all the elements of happiness, so far, at least, as bachelorhood contains them. Horton was near enough to London, even in days when speedy locomotion was unknown, for social enjoyment, and far enough from the then comparatively infant capital for complete seclusion. In this suburban retreat, as he himself describes it, he might toil, but he needed not to spin, since his father's hos-

pitable roof exempted him from all worldly cares. To what profit he turned his leisure may be inferred from the facts that when he went abroad he was able to confer with Italian scholars in their own language, and that he had read Greek literature from Homer to the latest Byzantine epoch. Music and mathematics divided his attention with classical literature, and at the same time, for he had little time afterwards for its acquisition, he must have perfected his command of the Roman eloquence which enabled him to mate and master, in his *Defensio Populi Anglicani*, the great Latinist Salmasius. At the same period he composed, the *Arcades*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *l'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, and formed those lofty schemes of works which posterity would not willingly let die, and which at first pointed to the romance of King Arthur, but finally culminated in his two Christian epics.

If Shakspeare was mixed up in any of the controversies of his time it is not put on record. That he had his share of early difficulties and disappointments appears from his sonnets, and may be inferred from many passages in his plays. Milton was of a more self-asserting, and perhaps pugnacious disposition, and, indeed, his lot was cast in times when it was scarcely possible for earnest and eloquent men to keep silence. To his controversial writings we owe a very satisfactory sketch of Milton's life by his own hand—so often was he required to defend himself against the calumnies of opponents. These autobiographical passages are the salt which has kept alive Milton's prose writings. With the questions in debate the modern reader has little sympathy; nor, except the *Areopagitica*, is there reason for supposing that his political or polemical pamphlets exercised much influence on the public to which they were addressed. It is remarkable that in the recent controversies on the Divorce question Milton's treatises on the subject were never appealed to. The grounds on which his arguments rested were too lofty or too abstract for general readers. While men were debating, sword in hand, about Royalty or Republicanism, they had no time for theories on the best mode of establishing a commonwealth. While they had determined to put down episcopacy they would not listen to arguments for or against it from the Fathers and Schoolmen. The sharp tongue of Henry Marten, or the sharp pen of John Lillbourne, were more germane to the matter than the solemn and gorgeous eloquence in which Milton clad his opinions on church government or secular policy. Like Burke he "went on refining" while ordinary men thought only of "dining," and earnest men, such as Pym and Bradshaw, thought only of quick deliverance from the abuses of the times.

Milton's prose style has been much commended, yet we doubt whether the praise it has obtained be not an indirect homage to his verse. Magnificence he often attained—ease in expressing himself rarely, if ever. His sentences are generally inferior to Bacon's in conciseness—to Hooker's and Raleigh's in harmony. In the *Advancement of Learning* and the *Essays* we see a man wise in the world as well as learned in books; in the *Reasons for Church Government* and the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* we find the traces of the library and the lamp, and not of the senate or the market-place. There were two currents perpetually in action in Milton's mind—one propelling him towards the stream of his own times—the other urging him towards the ocean which receives the tributaries of poetry from Homer to Tennyson. His inclination went with the deeper of these currents—his sense of duty kept him for nearly twenty years on the surface of the shallower one. But it was Samson grinding at the mill—it was Hercules drudging for Eurystheus. We can conceive him often deploring the waste of learning and of time in disputation, and yearning for deliverance from bondage. Not willingly did he become a pamphleteer. In this sort of writing he confesses that "he had the use of his left hand only." He had all along aspired to present a model of heroic virtue in King Arthur, or to vindicate the ways of God to man in a Christian Epos. What, in comparison with such designs, was a triumph over the book-worm Salmasius, or the refutation of Macdonell, Colkitt, and Galasp?

We can scarcely conceive, so wide has become the interval between learning and public affairs, that two scholars should be employed in asserting respectively the rights of the King and Parliament in England. When, in 1800, the question arose, whether that year should be reckoned the first of the nineteenth, or the last of the eighteenth century, it was referred, in the first instance, to that lumber-room of learning Dr. Parr, and, he failing to resolve it, to Heyne of Göttingen. But Lord North did not call on the Birmingham Aristarchus to maintain at the bar of Europe the right of Great Britain to tax her colonies, neither did Frederic of Prussia take counsel of any German professor concerning his claims to a slice of Austria. These controversies were decided by Bunker's-hill rifles and by strong battalions. In Milton's time, however, manifestoes in Latin had still their weight, and diplomacy borrowed many of its maxims and some of its practice from the rescripts of the Roman Cæsars. Plenipotentiaries then wrangled in Latin, and Grotius's *Treatise on the Law of War and Peace* was the dictionary and manual of statesmen. Salmasius, accordingly, who probably had read more Latin than any contemporary scholar, and who was "well up" in the Theodosian and Justinian codes, appeared to be the man to put rebellious Britain under the footstool of its anointed King; and the English Commonwealth, on the other hand, though it contained many abler statesmen than Milton, had no

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one who could argue or scold so well in strong or graceful Latinity. The *Defensio*, "with which all Europe rang from side to side," made its author famous, and perhaps reconciled him, for a short time, to the ungenial task of controversy. But his satisfaction was short-lived. Behind the curtain of prose were for ever flashing the rays of his suppressed poetry, and in the freedom of the opening verses of *Paradise Lost*, as compared with the stately, but restrained march of his *Tractates* and pamphlets, we may discern a sense of deliverance similar to that which Dante expressed on passing from the gloom of *Inferno* to the pure atmosphere of the Mount of Purgatory:—

Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele
Omni la navicella del mio ingegno,
Che lascia dietro a sè mar sì crudele.

Mr. Keightley is an editor unusually competent to trace both the early and the later readings of Milton, and so largely did the poet lay his laureate brethren of all times under contribution, that the ability to discover the pedigree of his images and expressions is no mean virtue in an editor of his works. There is, however, an error of excess in this respect which Warton has committed and Mr. Keightley has avoided. Warton seems to have imagined the text of *Comus*, *Lycidas*, etc. to have been little more than a centonism of borrowed thoughts—borrowed, indeed, at high interest, and richly adorned in their resetting. Still, if the principle of his commentary be sound, Milton's claims to originality are of the slenderest kind, and he must be regarded as a transmuter of metals rather than a workman in the mine. There is scarcely an epithet or an image of any especial worth or brilliancy in Milton which Warton has not capped with an elder form of it from Ovid, Euripides, Spenser, the Italian poets, or sources more doubtful and obscure. Mr. Keightley has been more economical in his findings of hints and parallels, and not encumbered his notes with the overflowings of a commonplace book or the stores of a pregnant memory. The course of his own reading is well suited to a commentator on Milton. For his accomplishments as a classical scholar his works are sufficient vouchers; but to Greek and Latin Mr. Keightley adds familiar acquaintance with the literature of Southern Europe and Romance, regions in which Milton's imagination expatiated, and from which he has borne off *spolia opima*. On all these accounts we can highly commend Mr. Keightley's edition of the Miltonic Poems. He has relieved them from the heavy burdens which such annotators as Todd laid on them, and in a convenient form has afforded the students of the poet all the information necessary for explaining what is obsolete or obscure, or for guiding him to the sources whence Milton drew the various learning with which all his verse is informed. We will now let Mr. Keightley convey in his own words the motives which originally prompted him to the task which he has so well completed:—

The reading of *Paradise Lost* for the first time forms, or should form, an era in the life of every one possessed of taste and poetic feeling. To my own mind that time is ever present. It was just as I was emerging from mere boyhood; the season was summer; the scene a residence amid wood and water, at the foot of mountains, over which I beheld each morning the sun rising, invested with all his glories. The companion of *Paradise Lost* was the *Jerusalem Delivered*, in Hoole's tame version, 'tis true, but perhaps at that age the couplet was more grateful to my ear than the stanza. The two poems combined to hold me in an ecstasy of delight. Alas, that such happy days can never return, not even in imagination! Some time after—for in those days books were not plentiful with me—I procured the whole of Milton's poetry. I was naturally enchanted with *Comus*, and even then I could discern and admire the chaste, severe, and classic beauties of *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. Ever since the poetry of Milton has formed my constant study—a source of delight in prosperity, of strength and consolation in adversity.

It is now somewhat more than a quarter of a century since I first conceived the idea of endeavouring to render this noble poetry more intelligible, and consequently more attractive and useful, to readers in general. The result has been the present work and an annotated edition of the poems. In the last, although the notes occupy much less space than in Todd's edition, they will, I believe, be found to elucidate the text more fully; nothing being left unexplained that seemed to me to require elucidation.

THE LIFE OF GARIBALDI.*

THE editor of these memoirs of General Garibaldi is an American gentleman, Mr. Theodore Dwight, who formed Garibaldi's acquaintance when the commander of the troops of the Roman Republic sought a refuge in New York, after the catastrophe of 1849. Mr. Dwight has the profoundest admiration and respect for his illustrious friend, and he has exhibited the singular moderation of obtruding himself as little as possible on the reader. The bulk of the book consists of an autobiography in which General Garibaldi carries the memoirs of his life down to the period when he landed in Italy to take part in the Revolution of 1848. This is followed by a series of slight sketches, in which Garibaldi commemorates the career and services of his chief companions in arms. At the end of the work, Mr. Dwight has added a translation of official documents published by the civil and military authorities of the Roman Republic, serving to show what were the chief successes and reverses that befel Garibaldi while General of the Republic. There is nothing directly from the pen of Mr. Dwight, except a few pages relating to Garibaldi's residence at New York. The consequence is that although this volume does not give us the life of General Garibaldi, but merely

materials for a life, yet the materials given are thoroughly trustworthy. Much is left untold which we should wish to know. In writing his memoirs, Garibaldi naturally assumed that much was known of which English readers are totally ignorant, and there are great gaps in his life which are passed over in silence. But this volume makes us understand something which it is much more important to understand than what Garibaldi has done. It reveals very plainly what sort of a man Garibaldi is. After reading it, we feel that we have become acquainted with a man of very high and noble character, and of very remarkable gifts. This is very much the most valuable result of biography, and Mr. Dwight ought to have the credit of having known how to accomplish it.

Garibaldi was the son of a sailor of Nice, and his father was too poor to afford him any regular education; but he was blest with a mother who gave him the practical education that flows from the example of living piety, sense, and honour. The lad made his first voyage at an early age; and his second voyage, which was to Rome, inspired him, although then an untaught boy, with a feeling of devotion to Italy, and a pride in her past, which affected his whole after life. On a voyage to Taganrog, in Russia, the conversation of a young Ligurian initiated him into the plans and secrets of the Italian patriots; and he so speedily mixed himself up with the Revolutionary party on his return, that, in 1834, he had to quit Genoa in disguise, and a few days afterwards saw his name for the first time in a newspaper. He had been sentenced to death. He made his way to South America, and stayed there until 1848. During these fourteen years he went through almost every peril that can cross the lot of a poor adventurer. He was wrecked by sea, and had to fight almost daily for his life on land. He engaged in the service of different petty States, then occupied in the endless conflicts which plunged the discordant fragments of the Spanish American empire into such horrible calamities. In taking a part in these sanguinary broils, he seems to have had two leading objects besides the natural desire to get bread. He wished to help every State and every party in a State that called itself Republican; and he also wished to form a band of Italian veterans accustomed to every vicissitude of war and ready to obey his call when a chance should offer itself for engaging in a struggle for the emancipation of Italy. The point of training to which he carried his Italian legion was as high, probably, as has ever been reached by the leader of so small a band. He and his comrades may be described as passing year after year in fighting against enormous odds and under every kind of difficulty, with occasional gleams of success, which, however nobly won, seemed to have served no useful purpose whatever. Until the short campaign of the present year Garibaldi has never known the pleasure of fighting on the winning side. At no period of his life, described in this volume, has he had any share in the comforts of the world. But ill-luck and incessant hardships appear to have become matters of perfect indifference to him. He has always been sustained by one intense purpose of life. He has looked on everything that has happened to him as a means by which he might ultimately be better fitted to aid his beloved Italy. He has been buoyed up by the strongest of earthly supports—that of devotion to a great cause. He always hoped that he might live to aid in setting Italy free—or, if this was not to be, that, at least, he might live to teach others to do what he was not spared to do himself.

His memoirs are accordingly characterized by the elevation that always attends on men who are capable of this foresight in self-sacrifice, and by that interest which attaches to men who, for an adequate aim, free themselves from the desire for the ordinary objects of human aspiration—safety, riches, and comfort. His adventures are not entertaining, simply because they were encountered on a scene which is unintelligible and repulsive to us. It is impossible to feel the slightest concern or enthusiasm for any of the combatants in the South American squabbles. We see that thousands of human beings risked their lives, and that many of them afforded bright examples of heroism and endurance; but why they fought, or for whom they fought, is buried in a labyrinth of inextricable confusion. The eager interest, however, which Garibaldi displays in recounting the part he himself took, shows that he found all he cared to find—sufficient stimulus for his military ardour and sufficient field for his military abilities. There is also another side to his character which shines out equally brightly in his memoirs. He is a man of a tenderness at once simple and intense. He seems to have clung to every one with whom he had to act, provided his colleague was of a generous nature—and to have clung with a quiet affectionate fidelity rare in the annals of soldiers of fortune. The sketches he gives of his friends are stamped with a perfect freedom from envy or jealousy; and he takes an evident delight in recounting their good qualities and their services, not only as a tribute to their personal worth, but as an honour to their common country. We see him, therefore, in this volume as a man stern, adventurous, and independent, but tenderhearted and loveable. Of course the influences under which he had set out in life have always continued to act on him. The limits of his political horizon have not expanded with increasing age. He has always remained the Genoese *proscritto*, burning to put down Austria and the priests. He has apparently never lost that faith in the mere name of a Republic which was so widely entertained by Italians of his party and his generation. Recent events may have modified his views, but in the long

* *The Life of General Garibaldi*. Written by himself. Translated by Theodore Dwight. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1859.

period of his exile the necessity of inquiring into the meaning and the possibility of an Italian Republic seems never to have crossed his mind. The Republic was for him a sort of algebraic quantity capable of including any kind and any amount of opposition to the oppressors of Italy, and he was quite content to make this very indefinite expression the watchword of his life.

Far the most interesting of the notices he gives of his companions is that in which he sketches the character and career of the wife who was so strangely suited to him, and whose loss he so touchingly laments. The account of his marriage, which occurred after he had been about six years in South America, is perhaps the most interesting part of the volume. The frank, and yet stately, simplicity of the description is almost worthy of Dante. "I had never thought of marriage," he says, "and to have a wife and children appeared to me decidedly repulsive; but my destiny guided me in a different direction from what I had designed for myself. By the loss of my comrades I was left alone in the world, and felt the want of some one to love me. I walked the deck of the *Itapirica* with my mind revolving these things, and finally came to the conclusion to seek for some lady possessing the character which I desired." His destiny guided him to the completely right sort of lady with wonderful celerity. While sailing in the mouth of the *Layuna*, he "cast a casual glance at a house in the Burra, and there observed a young female whose appearance struck him as having something extraordinary." He wooed and won as quickly as Othello, and Donna Anna may well have had something extraordinary in her appearance, as it is difficult to suppose there could have been more than two or three women in the world so fitted to be the wife of a captain of free lances. Almost immediately after her marriage she sailed with her husband, and, to use his words, "her public career commenced with the invasion of Rio Grande." Two or three small vessels under Garibaldi's command were attacked by a much superior force. The men wished to land, but the presence and the voice of Anna secured them to their posts. She chose and distributed the boarding weapons, took charge of the cannon, and fired the first shot. What a honeymoon, and what a bride! Shortly afterwards she took part in a land engagement, and was surrounded by a party of the enemy. "She spurred her horse, and came out from the midst of them only with a ball through her hat, which cut her hair." Unfortunately, her horse was shot, and she was made prisoner, but afterwards escaped, having managed to obtain another horse. She galloped for miles in a tempestuous night, over rocky ground, by the aid of flashes of lightning, and reached a river five hundred paces in breadth. Dismounting, she seized fast hold of the tail of her horse, and encouraging him with her voice, made him swim over the stream, dragging her with him. Other incidents of her history, scarcely less singular, are narrated by her husband. She accompanied him through all his wanderings, until at last she sank under the constant drain on her strength. She broke down as she was sharing his flight from Rome, and Garibaldi had the sad satisfaction of burying his beloved companion in Italian soil. But he tells us that he cannot avoid something like remorse when he remembers how far from home, and through what wearying struggles he led her. "I felt most deeply self-reproach," he says, "when, at the mouth of the Po, having landed in our retreat from an Austrian squadron, while still hoping to restore her to life, on taking her pulse I found her a corpse, and sang the hymn of despair. I prayed for forgiveness, for I thought of the sin of taking her from her home."

MR. WHITE ON NORTHUMBERLAND.*

THE old reproach that the English people seek the beauty abroad which they neglect at home, is one which Mr. White seems determined to wipe out. This is, we think, the fourth year in which he has published an account of his summer holiday, and the third in which he has selected an English county as the scene of it. Cornwall and Yorkshire having each furnished the subject of a successful little volume, Northumberland is now made to contribute its share to Mr. White's literary glories. We admire and applaud the undertaking, but we think that a word or two of caution may not be out of place. If Mr. White wishes his books to be of real value—and he has it, we think, in his power to give them such value—he should remember the Sybil-line leaves. Either Northumberland or Yorkshire, or Cornwall by itself, is very well. The three together would make up a single good volume, but three tours forming three volumes are a tax on the producing powers which can hardly fail to develop a tendency to twaddle. To devote to the narrative of what he saw and did in the course of a month in Northumberland no less than 468 well-filled octavo pages, is to assert that the memorials of each day require about fifteen pages. Imagine a voyage round the world written on this scale! Or conceive Mr. White's travels in Great Britain being published at some future time in fifty-two octavo volumes! The present volume is made up to a great extent by giving ballads, extracts from old chronicles, and new versions of ancient legends in reference to every place visited, and to a still greater extent by chronicling at full length every conversation and every trivial incident which occurred to the author throughout the whole course of his tour. For example,

in crossing from a little inn on the English side of the Cheviots to Keeldar Castle, Mr. White went down one moorland hill and up the opposite slope, and on his way stepped into a bog which wetted his trousers. It takes a page and a-half to get from one ridge to the other, and no less than thirty lines are devoted to the description of his stopping for half an hour to eat his luncheon and moralize on the different places through which the brook by which he ate it might possibly have flowed. It used to be a common practice to offer a boy in a brown study a penny for his thoughts; but the supply of thoughts of one kind and another is at present so much in excess of the demand, that Mr. White might fairly raise the price of his books in consideration of his exercising self-restraint enough to keep his thoughts to himself. Apart, however, from defects in execution, his Northumbrian journey has the merits which every freshly written account of English scenery is pretty sure to possess. It puts before the reader plainly enough the general features of Northumberland—features of which we will attempt to reproduce the general outline from Mr. White's description, disengaged from the very minute description which he gives of particular localities, and from the petty personal incidents which signalized his excursion.

Till the reign of George III., Northumberland was not only a wild but a turbulent district; and a hundred years ago the King's writ seems to have had as much difficulty in running north of the Roman wall as in Connaught. At present the county includes many of the latest results of civilization, but it can hardly yet be put upon the same level as the rest of England. Newcastle and Berwick are its only considerable towns, and a very large proportion of the county, stretching in a broad slip along the south-eastern side of the Border line between England and Scotland, retains to a great extent its primeval wildness. This is the district occupied by the Cheviots, and dignified by the recollections of Chevy Chase and Flodden Field. Flodden lies some ten or twelve miles to the south of Berwick, and still retains some of the characteristics of the scene described by Scott. It is, however, according to Mr. White, undergoing the fate of all open country in this busy land. The dreariest of all features in a landscape—fields, roads, and farm buildings which have not had time to lose their bran new appearance—are rapidly increasing; and at no very distant period it will, perhaps, be as difficult to understand the localities of the battle of Flodden as those of the battle of Barnet. The moorlands, of which the Cheviots are the mountains, stretch in a nearly unbroken line from Wooler—at no great distance from Flodden—to the neighbourhood of Carlisle. Mr. White's descriptions of them will bring before many eyes the familiar scene of North-country fells. As far as our own experience of somewhat analogous scenery goes, we should not assign to them a very high position amongst the beauties of English scenery. They have not the picturesque outline which distinguishes some of the Scotch, and almost all the Cumberland and Westmoreland hills, nor have they the softness which redeems the downs, commons, and occasional moors of the South from the reproach of barrenness. Their most conspicuous features are long successive ridges of apparently interminable moor, rising behind each other in endless succession, and separated by valleys which are for the most part full of bogs, and productive of little else than very coarse, rank, and sour vegetation. The contrast which such scenes present to those who have long been pent up in large cities—the silence and solitude, the free, open air, and a certain breadth and largeness in the general outline of the landscape which they form—are unquestionably striking, and give them a real and even considerable charm; but the charm which they possess depends rather upon association than on the recognition of any real inherent beauty. It is like the charm of a quiet night, a broad view of the sea, or anything else which impresses the mind with the notion of vastness, liberty, and solitude. In themselves the huge, unwieldy masses and their rather dreary covering, appear to us to be anything but very attractive objects.

Mr. White is a busy and inquisitive man, and the greater part of his book has little enough to do with the solitudes which so much distinguish Northumberland. The bustle of Newcastle, and the collieries and lead mines of the south of Northumberland and the northern district of Durham, have quite as many attractions for him. Of Newcastle he tells us little that we are not rather tired of hearing. A very big town, with an immense number of ships, and any quantity of iron-works, is in many respects a very interesting object; but, to tell the truth, it is a dirty, nasty place, and though its wealth and social interest are very wonderful indeed, it is not a pleasant sight to see, nor, at this time of year, an agreeable subject to read about.

The works and ways of the lead-miners at Allendale, which Mr. White describes at some length, are a more interesting subject. The mines are the property of Mr. Beaumont, and he would seem by all accounts to have realized very successfully some of Mr. Carlyle's theories about the duties of "captains of industry." The most assiduous attention is paid to the comforts of the miners, to the education of their children, and to their own intellectual entertainment. Libraries, benefit societies, lectures, and schools abound, and the consequences appear in a very contented, intelligent, and happy population. It should, however, be observed that several circumstances in the situation of the miners are much in their favour. They can earn from

* *Northumberland and the Border.* By Walter White. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

fifteen to twenty shillings a week by eight hours' labour for five days, and thus they have a good deal of time to themselves, which they occupy in gardening, &c. Their favourite ambition is to buy a little freehold, and they frequently save money enough to effect this object. One singularity about these mines is that all the machinery connected with them is driven, not by steam power, but by hydraulic pressure. At Newcastle hydraulic power is employed for various purposes, and indeed, thanks to the inventions of Sir W. Armstrong, it is now used in many cases instead of steam. Certainly, as Mr. White observes, an hydraulic ship would be a marvellous invention, as it would get all the benefits of a steamer without heat, smoke, or coals. How the necessary fall of water could be obtained is another question.

Antiquities attract the attention of Mr. White quite as much as either manufactories or landscapes. As we have observed on another occasion, he seems curiously familiar with old books, charters, chronicles, and other legal and historical curiosities. Sometimes he gives us rather too much of them, but some of his information is curious and well chosen. The best piece of antiquarianism in his present book is his account of the great Roman wall, which may still be traced the greater part of the way from Carlisle to Wallsend—a name now suggestive only of coals, but commemorating the fact that the great rampart met the sea at the mouth of the Tyne. Certainly the grandeur of the Romans is curiously shown in this wall. It was originally eight feet broad and twelve high, three feet of the thickness being made up of hewn stones. At intervals of four miles there was a station comprising from three to six acres, and surrounded by a strong stone wall. At the end of every Roman mile there was a smaller castle, and between these were placed, at distances of between one and two furlongs, four turrets, or watch towers. It has also been supposed that speaking-tubes of brass were laid down along the wall to act as a sort of telegraph. The camps were cities on a small scale, containing baths and temples. They were twenty-three in number. Along the south side of the wall was an earthen vallum, apparently designed to protect the position against any rising of the southern inhabitants of the island.

It is curious to speculate on the light which such works as these throw on the character of those who raised them. Something, perhaps, is due to a sort of artistic love for massive and curious works—something to the Roman propensity to keep their troops constantly engaged in civil undertakings when they had no fighting to give them; but if the work is looked at purely in a military point of view it seems to show a strange timidity on the part of those who raised it. It must have required an immense army to man a line of defence eighty or ninety miles long, and to keep garrisons in as many as twenty-three large fortifications scattered along it; and it would have seemed probable that such a body of disciplined men would have been able to defy any number of naked barbarians without calling in the aid of fortifications. The parallel case would be a wall built across New Zealand for the purpose of coercing any particularly venturesome tribe whose restless energy might appear to threaten our dominion. The fact that the Romans habitually undertook such works is perhaps as strong an indication as could be given of the difference between their and our notions of what dominion should be. To us a colony is an outlet for superfluous population. To them a province was merely an additional department brought within an existing system.

One of the most interesting features of Mr. White's books is that, in a loose, gossiping, incoherent way, they give us a good deal of insight into the condition of many different classes of our population. Wherever he goes, he apparently talks to every one he meets, and writes down the conversation in the evening. Of course the result is frequently very trifling, and it is not communicated without a good deal of unconscious and unintentional portraiture of the writer himself. The peculiarity of Mr. White's pictures of his neighbours is their extreme simplicity. Nothing can be more curious than to see how all the people with whom he talks say exactly the sort of things which they might have been expected to say beforehand. A sort of jolly, careless good-humour, varied by occasional rudeness, and sometimes relieved by a glimpse of humour, characterizes all the little anecdotes which he has to tell. We hope that he will lump his next four or five tours together. A book per county per annum is more than he (or any one else) is capable of writing well.

JULIUS CÆSAR'S INVASION OF BRITAIN.*

GREAT are the difficulties which attend the study of ancient history in the spirit of modern inquiry. We demand to know not only the character and figure of the chief persons represented—not only the social characteristics of an age or people—not only their political and military statistics—but above all, perhaps, our curiosity is directed to ascertain the precise sites on which great events have been enacted, and to realize the events themselves upon the spots where they actually occurred. Yet, with the exception of Marathon—a notable exception indeed—there is perhaps no famous battle-field of ancient history that has been satisfactorily delineated. We have no data for tracing the fields of Leuctra or Mantinea, of Chæronea or Cunaxa; for the Greek historians generally have omitted all reference to the topo-

graphical details of their battles. The Roman writers have been indeed less insensible to the interest of local description; nevertheless, they too, by some strange fatality, have uniformly failed in supplying us with information of this kind on which we can securely rely. Livy has contrived to obscure the field of Thrasymenus by the very details which were meant to illustrate it; and we find two writers, able and intelligent as Arnold and Bunbury, not less opposed than Roman and Carthaginian on the plain of Cannæ. For our own part, we must demur to Colonel Leake's identification of the field of Pharsalia; and we observe that Mommsen is equally dissatisfied with it. In the same way, Hannibal's route over the Alps is still a mystery which neither Mr. Law nor Mr. Ellis can dispel. The site of the Capitol has become almost a national quarrel between the Germans and Italians. Certainly the Roman writers were much wanting in the organ of locality. Livy made Hannibal show his soldiers Italy from a pass whence, as the governor of Tillybury would have told him, he could not see Italy, for it was not in sight. Tacitus cannot complain, if on the faith of all his MSS. we charge him with placing the Stagnum of Augustus "on this side Tiber" (*cis Tiberim*), whereas we know that the basin lay on the right, and Rome, in all historical and antiquarian acceptation, on the left bank of the river. But of all the Roman writers none disappoints us more in this respect than Cæsar, as there is none from whom we might have expected more accurate knowledge and greater precision of statement. Yet all the sites of Cæsar's exploits—Gergovia and Alesia, the passage of the Rhine, the battle with the Nervii—are still in keen discussion among the antiquaries, or have been surrendered as undiscoverable. Of all these exploits none is so interesting to us as the invasion of Britain; and there is none regarding which Cæsar himself has given us so many indications of locality. Yet neither the place whence he sailed, nor the spot on which he landed, nor in fact the site of any one occurrence in his two famous expeditions, has been definitively settled among us. The disquisition before us has refuted the theory—that of Halley—which has hitherto been most generally received, and which that illustrious investigator pronounced little short of demonstrable; but such an instance of the fallacy of scientific judgments must moderate even Mr. Lewin's confidence in the permanent establishment of his own triumphant hypothesis.

We are bound, indeed, to say that the decisive argument which is the key to Mr. Lewin's position is derived from Mr. Airy, while the subsidiary arguments with which he confirms it are generally to our minds inconclusive. The relative claims, for instance, of Boulogne, Ambleteuse, Witsand, Calais, and Gravelines for the point of embarkation (we omit from the list the mouth of the Somme on the one hand, as maintained by Mr. Airy, and the harbour of Bruges on the other, held by some nameless *savant* from Flanders), are hardly to be argued, in our judgment, from modern local appearances. The features of the coast have undoubtedly undergone important changes in many parts of this line; and the curious chart purporting to be of the eighth century (though this is evidently a mistake), presented by Mr. Lewin, which shows how deeply the low lands of Flanders were indented by tidal estuaries, even in the Middle Ages, seems to us to deserve more regard than he gives to it. The Astronomer Royal had contended against the Eastern ports on the ground that the straight line of low, unsheltered coast, as it exists at present, was unfit for building and collecting such a flotilla as Cæsar describes. But this straight line is derived from the artificial labours of the last four or five centuries. We may judge even now from the contour of the opposite shore of Essex what may have been the coast-line of Flanders in the first century before Christ. Mr. Lewin, though not always unconscious of the changes which have occurred in these natural features, seems to have shut his eyes to their apparent operation in this locality.

Again, with respect to the place of landing, our author describes the coast about Deal as it now exists, with no reference to probable revolutions of sea and land. Cæsar's account seems undoubtedly to require a marshy shore rather than a bank of shingle. The marsh, however, if not now found at Deal, was certainly in existence two miles off at Sandwich, where the sea must in Cæsar's time have run to the very foot of Richborough Castle. In this district, too, we find a tract of woodland more extensive, within the date of existing records, than at present, such as the narrative requires, and a little consideration would have shown that it was unnecessary to seek, on this account, any other locality for the event than that hallowed by national tradition. Again, Mr. Lewin and Mr. Airy still more strongly hold that the Goodwin Sands must have been fatal to Cæsar's armament, had he really shaped his course for Deal or Sandwich; yet not tradition only, but the deliberate judgment of geologists, such as Sir C. Lyell, asserts the recent submersion of this fragment of the coast of Britain. Nor is Mr. Lewin very strict in his calculation of certain distances which bear upon the question. Cæsar measures the march from his camp to a certain river (the Stour) at twelve Roman miles. Mr. Lewin says that the distance from Deal is sixteen English miles—we measure it on our map at little more than twelve, while from Sandwich it would be of course less. On the other hand, the distance from Lyme (the landing-place he favours) to the same river at Wye, he asserts to be just twelve miles—we find it in a straight line only eight or nine.

The fact, however, seems to be that there is no preponderance

* *The Invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar.* By Thomas Lewin, Esq. London: Longmans, 1859.

of arguments in favour either of the eastern hypothesis (Richborough), or the western (Lymne or Hythe), from the face of the country and the line of coast. Caesar's statements fit perhaps equally well to either. The current of ancient tradition, and the fact on which it may possibly have been grounded, of the early use of Richborough for the place of landing from Gaul, generally inclined our writers to the eastern hypothesis; but this impression was decided by the curious and striking argument drawn by Halley from the law of the tides. This is still the point on which the question really turns; and it is curious to observe how positively and how plausibly a critic at a distance may argue upon grounds which appear on actual inspection to be wholly mistaken:—

It remains [says Halley] only to consider whether this descent was made to the northward [eastward] or southward [westward] of the place [off Dover] where Caesar anchored. The data to determine this are—1. That it was four days before the full moon; 2. That that day, by three in the afternoon [the time stated], the tide ran the same way that he sailed [centum et aesium nactus secundum]; 3. That a S. by E. moon makes high water on all that coast, the flood coming from the southward. Hence it will follow, that that day it was high water about eight in the morning, and, consequently, low water about two; therefore, by three the tide of flood was well made up, and it is plain that Caesar went with it; and the flood setting to the northward shows that the open plain shore where he landed was to the northward of the cliffs [the South Foreland], and must be in the Downs ["about eight miles off"], and this I take to be little less than demonstration.

This is, indeed, precise and logical, and Mr. Lewin allows that Halley is correct enough as to the time of high and low water on the day indicated. "The theory," however—

That when the tide rises it runs to the north, and that in ebbing it returns to the south, may be true generally; but the mistake made was, that he did not allow for the disturbances created by the obstruction which the tide encounters in forcing its way amongst islands and through narrow channels. It is one thing to calculate forces in the abstract, and another to apply them, taking into account the resistance from friction. The present Astronomer Royal, in order to set the matter at rest, applied for information to Captain F. W. Beechey, who had recently made a survey of the Channel, under the directions of the Admiralty, and the answer was substantially in accordance with the tidal tables. "At full and change of the moon," he says, "the stream makes to the westward, off Dover, at one and a half mile distance from the shore, about 3^h 10^m; and there does not appear to be much difference in this part of the Channel, between the turn of the stream in-shore and in the centre. . . . Winds greatly affect the time of turn of the stream. The stream runs to the west about six and a half hours, after which there is slack water for about a quarter of an hour." Now, if at full moon the tide runs west at 3 P.M., it follows, that on the fourth day before, the tide would begin to run west about noon, and at 3 P.M. would have acquired its maximum velocity in that direction. Thus the very argument which Halley made use of triumphantly to show that Caesar sailed to Deal, is a demonstrative proof that he sailed towards Romney Marsh.

In another place Mr. Lewin enters more particularly into this important part of the question:—

In speaking of the tides, we must distinguish between the landsman's tide and the seaman's tide. The landsman, standing on the shore, beholds the water rise and fall, and thinks of the tide with reference to its height and depression only; whereas the seaman cares little for the rise or fall, which he does not see, but is very attentive to the current caused by the tide, which aids or impedes the progress of his vessel. The direction of the current is as regular as the rise and fall of the tide, but both are subject to occasional disturbances from the action of the wind or the state of the atmosphere. These variations, however, it is believed, seldom, if ever, exceed an hour either in the time of high or low water, or in the turn of the current. As the British Channel is so constantly covered by the mercantile navy of England, great pains have been taken to ascertain the turn of the tide in this part. We are here concerned only with that in the Straits of Dover, and I shall, therefore, content myself with stating the rule laid down for the guidance of mariners in the Annual referred to. The Admiralty direction there is, that the stream off Dover sets westward at four hours after high water, and runs so for the next five hours. Thus, to ascertain the current or direction of the tide at Dover, we find first the time of high water there; and, four hours after, the stream begins to run west, and will so continue for seven hours, when it will again turn east, and run so for the next five hours. We have now to apply this principle to the year B.C. 55. The full moon was on the 31st of August, at 3 A.M. I turn to the tide-tables published by authority for the month of August of the present year, 1859, and I find that the moon will be at the full on the 13th of August. As regards the moon, therefore, the 31st of August, B.C. 55, and the 13th of August, 1859, are corresponding days. To find, then, the time of high water at Dover, on the 27th of August, B.C. 55, when Caesar arrived (being the fourth day before the 31st of August, when the moon was full) we have only to look for the time of high water at Dover, on the 9th of August, 1859, being the fourth day before the 13th of August, when will be the full. High water at Dover, on the 9th of August, 1859, will be, according to the tables, at 7:31 A.M. It was, therefore, high water at 7:31 A.M. at Dover, on the 27th of August, B.C. 55. But, at four hours after high water the tide runs west, and so continues for seven hours; therefore, at 11:31 A.M., on the 27th of August, B.C. 55, the stream began to run west, and held on in the same direction until 6:31 P.M. At 3 o'clock, therefore, on the 27th of August, B.C. 55, the current was flowing westward at its maximum velocity; and, consequently, as Caesar sailed at 3 o'clock, on the 27th of August, B.C. 55, in the same direction as the tide, he must have steered westward, towards Romney Marsh, and could not possibly have made for Deal.

The tidal argument, indeed, had been already adopted by Mr. Airy; but our distinguished astronomer had applied it to support a theory very repugnant to some clear texts in Caesar's narrative, that the descent was from the mouth of the Somme to Pevensey. Disabused as we now happily are of the common landsman's notion that the rise and the flow of the tide at sea always correspond in the main, we must admit that while the tide was continuing to rise to the eastward, it was flowing steadily to the west; and we believe, with Mr. Lewin, that Lymne is the point of debarkation which will now suit the narrative most fairly. Granted that Lymne was the landing-place, we shall have little difficulty in accepting also, with Mr. Lewin, Boulogne for the point of sailing, though his arguments in its favour seem still by no means conclusive. Mr. Lewin, indeed, relies not only on

reason, but on authority. He refers us with satisfaction to a numerical list of critics, a large majority of whom have held that opinion. He will find, however, upon inquiry, that this majority is swelled by several writers who, at the time when the First Napoleon was mustering his forces on the heights of Boulogne for the invasion of England, advocated this theory of Caesar's expedition merely as a delicate mode of flattery. Indeed the Emperor, we believe, himself instructed his *litterati* to amuse his subjects with this suggestive hypothesis. Mr. Lewin himself seems not to be insensible to the charm of this association, while Mr. Airy finds a pleasure in bringing Caesar to the point from which William the Norman is known to have effected his descent. But as Caesar was notoriously baffled in both his expeditions, the compliment to the French invader was none of the happiest; nor, as the event turned out, was Napoleon destined to emulate even the partial success of a descent and a foray:—

Felici non fausta loco tentoria ponens,
Indulst castris, et collibus abstulit omen.

RUSKIN'S TWO PATHS.*

MR. RUSKIN'S works are so numerous, and so uniform in their general characteristics, that a reviewer might almost stereotype his observations upon them, whether of praise or of blame. And yet, unfortunately, it would be necessary each time to deepen the censure that is due to the growing egotism and arrogance of this eloquent but mistaken writer. These bad qualities have never been more conspicuous than in Mr. Ruskin's latest work, which he somewhat affectedly calls the *Two Paths*. So long as Mr. Ruskin loftily despised, and therefore ignored his critics, his vanity was obtrusive, indeed, but always rather amusing. Now he seems to have been stung to the quick by the exposures that have been made of the inconsistencies of his dogmatism, and is therefore more intemperate than ever in asserting his infallibility. "I am an entirely safe guide," he says here, "in art judgment;" and the very mistakes that he may make are more creditable, he argues ingeniously, than the oversights of less careful and less earnest observers. "Mistakes of this kind," he tells us—"honest, enthusiastic mistakes, are never harmful, because they are always made in a true direction—falls forward on the road, not into the ditch beside it." And such blameless mistakes are confined in his writings entirely to subsidiary matters. He will not plead guilty to the semblance of error "respecting subjects which it has been his main work to study." For example, he declares that he has never yet misinterpreted any picture of Turner's, nor made a blunder respecting Venetian architecture. Well, it is human to err, and we think our author might have concealed from the public his wincings under the critical lash.

But there is another charge against him. He has been accused of inconsistency as well as of fallibility. For instance, it has been said that he undervalued Greek art. This supposition, he declares, is "perhaps one of the dumbest and least justifiable mistakes" which have yet been made about his writings. "Of Greek work itself I have never spoken but with a reverence quite infinite; I name Phidias always in exactly the same tone with which I speak of Michael Angelo, Titian, and Dante. My first statement of this faith, now thirteen years ago, was surely clear enough." And then he quotes a passage from the second volume of his *Modern Painters*, in which he speaks of "three colossal images standing up side by side, looming in their great rest of spirituality above the whole world horizon." It is true that this triumvirate includes Phidias with Michael Angelo and Dante. But where, it might be asked, is Titian? The truth is that Mr. Ruskin, who is far more impulsive than he wishes to be thought, is not always strictly consistent in his adjudication of the highest places in his hierarchy of art. Velasquez is comparatively a late addition to his Olympus; and we verily believe that, should Mr. Ruskin ever travel in Germany, which it is plain from all his writings that he has never yet done, he will be prepared on his return to canonize Albert Dürer. In his *Elements of Drawing* he dogmatically instructed his readers that certain artists were always right and certain others always wrong. Already he has to qualify his assertions. Tintoret, who was one of the six men who were "always right," is now degraded, and we are expressly told that he may lead us astray. This "apparent inconsistency," as detected by "careless readers," forms the subject of an amusing appendix, in which our art-casualist distinguishes between the absolute and the relative "right," and shows that the former may be attributed to Titian and the latter to Tintoretto. A more worthless defence for a dogmatism shown by the author's own confession to be hasty and inconsistent, it has never been our lot to read. And, led away by excess of vanity, the writer, towards the close of his argument, positively accumulates his fulsome expressions of self-praise as follows:—

My readers may depend upon it that all blame which I express in this sweeping way is trustworthy. I have often had to repent of overpraise of inferior men, and continually to repent of insufficient praise of great men, but of broad condemnation, never. For I do not speak it but after the most searching examination of the matter, and under a stern sense of the need of it; so that whenever the reader is entirely shocked by what I say, he may be assured every word is true. It is just because it so much offends him that it was ne-

* *The Two Paths*. Being Lectures on Art, and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture, delivered in 1859-9. By John Ruskin, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

cessary; and, knowing that it must offend him, I should not have ventured to say it without certainty of its truth. I say "certainty," &c.

Enough of such rodomontade, which is simply unpardonable in a writer of so much ability, and which, if it is persevered in, will be deservedly fatal to his popularity and usefulness.

Viewed in their bearings upon art, Mr. Ruskin's five lectures comprised in the present volume, are altogether unimportant. They enunciate no new principle and their enforcement of old and admitted truths is less forcible than usual. So far as they illustrate the law, as expressed by the author, that all noble design in any kind depends on the sculpture or painting of organic form, they have our full assent; and we only wonder that Mr. Ruskin has not taken this opportunity of delivering a testimony in favour of the propriety and necessity of the study of the nude living model. Few of his readers, we think, will be able to trace much connexion of thought between the different addresses; and, unless the preface had pointed out that there are two methods of art-study, leading respectively to success and failure, the fanciful title of the *Two Paths* would have been unintelligible.

The first lecture, delivered at the South Kensington Museum, and entitled "The Deteriorative Power of Conventional Art over Nations," is an ingenious but unsatisfactory exposition of a somewhat exaggerated thesis. The author professes to find a clue to the easy and just interpretation of the phenomena of history in the character of contemporary art. So long as art in any nation devotes itself to the contemplation and exhibition of natural facts, it lives and grows, and secures the healthy progress of society. But when art forgets the pursuit of nature and truth in the contemplation of its own perfection, or in the attempt to theorize on the principles of its own production, this divergence from its proper mission brings about its own decline and that of the nation in which it is practised. The application of this theory to some of the facts of recent history strikes us as being mere declamation. Mr. Ruskin finds only three really great schools of art in the world—the Athenian, which proposed to itself the perfect representation of the human form; the Florentine, which undertook the perfect expression of human emotion; and the Venetian, which devoted itself to colour. We do not deny that what he says on this matter, however far-fetched it may be, is well worth reading and considering; but his text—the absolute necessity of the dependence of art upon the truth of nature—might have been enforced more simply and more impressively. And we wish he had pointed out more clearly how the study of form in its highest development—that of the human figure—is practically available for the improvement of design in the subsidiary branches of decorative art. To architecture Mr. Ruskin applies his principle through the connecting link of sculpture. And we go with him to the fullest extent in his earnest exhortation to our architects to learn to handle the chisel for themselves. We have often asserted in these columns, that a too-exclusive devotion to one particular branch of practice must of necessity cramp and deaden an artist's sympathies and powers. It may be useful at this time, when the Premier's flippant denunciation of Gothic architecture is fresh in our memories, to quote Mr. Ruskin's testimony the other way, in spite of its somewhat irreverent conclusion:—

Gothic is not an art for knights and nobles; it is an art for the people: it is not an art for churches and sanctuaries; it is an art for houses and homes: it is not an art for England only, but an art for the world: above all, it is not an art of form or tradition only, but an art of vital practice and perpetual renewal. And whosoever pleads for it as an ancient or a formal thing, and tries to teach it you as an ecclesiastical tradition or a geometrical science, knows nothing of its essence, less than nothing of its power. Leave therefore boldly, though not irreverently, mysticism and symbolism on the one side; cast away with utter scorn geometry and legalism on the other; seize hold of God's hand, and look full in the face of His creation, and there is nothing He will not enable you to achieve.

The second lecture, on the Unity of Art, was delivered at Manchester. In this we notice a good definition of the true eclecticism, as now understood by our best artists, which some have confused with the guiding principle of the Eclectic school of the Carraccis. The false eclecticism of the Bolognese school "was based," Mr. Ruskin observes, "not upon an endeavour to unite the various characters of nature (which it is possible to do), but the various narrownesses of taste, which it is impossible to do." We agree more heartily with the lecturer in his tribute of praise to Sir Joshua Reynolds in this address than in his obstinate defence of a former hasty condemnation of the ornamentation of the Alhambra as "detestable." The third lecture was given at Bradford, on the subject of Modern Manufacture and Design. Here there is a good deal of hazy writing, and an attempt to draw distinctions which have no real meaning. Upon the whole, the reader learns from it wonderfully little as to the practical application of a high theory of art to the improvement of the design of manufactures. But upon the fundamental laws, that the best preparation for good decorative design is thorough skill in drawing the human form, and that no artistic education is good for anything which omits this elementary training, it is impossible to insist too strongly or too continuously. Mr. Ruskin altogether leaves the path of common sense when, as in the conclusion of this lecture, he protests idly and unreasonably against the deformation of the Yorkshire landscape by factories and mines, and revives some of the fallacies of his *Political Economy of Art* as to sumptuary laws of dress.

Lecture IV., on the Influence of Imagination in Architecture, is an address to the members of the Architectural Association

upon the importance of general education for the proper training of a professional architect, and a vindication of the special dignity and universal grasp of the mistress art. And finally, the lecture delivered at Tunbridge Wells takes for its subject the Work of Iron, in Nature, Art, and Policy, as suggested by the ferruginous stain of the springs of that pleasant watering-place. It is curious that, writing on this subject, Mr. Ruskin does not once refer to the furnaces and foundries which once abounded in that iron-producing district. This lecture is by far the feeblest in the book, falling utterly short of the promise of its title; and were not the passage too long, we should quote the author's tirade against iron fencing as one of the most shallow and erroneous statements we have met with in the literature of art. Mr. Ruskin has not strengthened his reputation by this volume.

THE SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE.*

ALTHOUGH this is not exactly a novel with a dogma, it is a novel with a notion. The notion is that we ought not to dislike to live in a semi-detached house. "Oh, Aunt Sarah," exclaims one of the ladies, in the first page, "you don't mean that you expect me to live in a semi-detached house."—"Why not, my dear, if it suits you in other respects?"—"Why, because I should hate my semi-detachment, or whatever the occupants of the other half may call themselves."—"They call themselves Hopkinson," continued Aunt Sarah, coolly.—"I knew it," said Blanche triumphantly, "I felt certain their names would be either Tomkinson or Hopkinson. . . . Did you see any of the Hopkinsons when you went to look at the house?"—"Yes, they went in at their door just as I went in at yours. The mother, as I suppose, and two daughters, and a little boy."—"Oh dear me! a little boy, who will always be throwing stones at the palings, and making me jump; daughters who will be always playing 'Partant pour la Syrie'; and the mother!"—"Well, what will she do to offend your Highness?"—"She will be immensely fat, wear mittens, thick, heavy mittens, and contrive to know what I have for dinner every day."

The lady who objects to the "semi-detachment" is a certain Lady Chester, and the book is to teach us that she ought not to object. Mrs. Hopkinson does turn out to be fat, but also turns out to be very sensible, good-humoured, and obliging, to have two nice daughters, and to be capable of giving wise counsel on the management of the kitchen chimney. The purpose of the book, in so far as it has a purpose, is to teach us that we should take life easily and frankly—associate with the people whom chance throws in our way, if they seem sensible and pleasant—that we should not be too much pleased at speaking to persons of superior rank, nor too anxious to avoid those who may be below us. Our readers will say that, after all, this is not very new, and it certainly is not. But it is a great achievement to teach an old lesson in an enlivening way, and this is a lesson which it is rather difficult to teach with perfect good taste. Mr. Thackeray, for example, has been teaching it with consummate ability for many years; but perhaps he makes too much of it. We fancy he considers it both more difficult and more important than it really is. He a little overrates the intensity of the snobbish propensities—he dwells on them almost sympathizingly. A certain dean of a departed generation cautioned his hearers against "That besetting liquor, old port wine, by which even some of our clergy have been led astray." In a somewhat similar spirit our great satirist warns us that no literary ability, no fame, no mental power is an effectual protection against the desire to speak to Dukes. Wherever he looks through the world, this is the desire he perceives. The insidious temptation creeps into all hearts, and injures wherever it enters. We own that we think this an exceedingly exaggerated kind of teaching. The snobbish desires undoubtedly exist, and are diffused most widely; but it is only in rare cases that they are extremely powerful. They would take most people a little way, but very few people a great way. Mr. Thackeray, too, we think, fancies his lesson too important. Like all missionaries, he intensifies the evil against which he is preaching. Many people who do care too much about the great, and who are too much afraid of talking to those below them, are nevertheless very good people. They have their fault, as others have theirs; but for all that their nature may in the main be sound, and their capacity for substantial excellence may in most of its parts not be much impaired. Snobbishness is an insidious endemic, but it is rarely a mortal malady. We can scarcely perhaps give the *Semi-Detached House* a higher sort of praise than that it teaches Mr. Thackeray's peculiar doctrine in a healthier and better way than he does. The two varieties of snobbishness—that of running from our inferiors and that of making up to our superiors—both occur pretty often in this book, and both are laughed at. They are allowed to be venial sins, but it is shown that they are ludicrous—that they interfere with the tranquillity of life and with the chances of enjoyment that turn up in it—that sensible persons, whatever their rank may be, laugh at them. Of course there is nothing new in the lesson; but there is a good-natured contempt in the way it is given that is telling. We can fancy it curing, or half-curing, the vice. Mr. Thackeray, we fear, only teaches people to hide the indications of it.

* *The Semi-detached House*. Edited by Lady Teresa Lewis. London: Bentley, 1859.

A novel of this sort necessarily has its scene in the middle rank of social life—with some people who are lords and ladies and some who are neither; and it has the sort of merits which such a novel may be expected to have. The dialogue is very good, very witty and buoyant—jolly, though yet ladylike. The events are the ordinary ones of social life. Two families live in the two halves of one house, and are naturally thrown together; and as one is of rank, and the other by no means of rank, the scenes can be made amusing. The lady of no rank fancies, moreover, that the lady of rank is not all which she should be, and this is made amusing too. The authoress has one peculiarity which is invaluable to a painter of common social life—she has a genius for middle-aged women. For obvious reasons young people are made more prominent in novels than they are in reality. Perhaps the discovery of this is one of the sorest disappointments of early life. Young people come out with romantic notions of various sorts, and it is disappointing to find middle-aged people with the influence which they in fact have. As to men, it does not seem to matter so much; they have occupations, and briefs, and offices, which seem to explain it. But that the social half of life should be subject to the administrative vivacity of ladies with historical complexions is for a time a trial. A novel like the *Semi-Detached House*, which brings out this fact, and shows how far the middle-aged régime may be made tolerable, is instructive.

There are two middle-aged women in this book—one good and the other bad, but both fat and both energetic. We may give a specimen of the conversation of the former:—

"Ah, there they are," said Mrs. Hopkinson, jumping up in a fright. "Oh, John, what shall we do? I knew they would come to us in our turn."

"Who would come, Jane?" said Captain Hopkinson, who was half asleep. "Why, the burglars, of course! What will become of us! Where's my purse? I always keep a purse ready to give them, it makes them so good-humoured. Oh, dear, what a noise they make, and they will be quite savage if they are kept waiting," she said, as another violent ringing was heard. "John, John, you must not go down to them; they will knock you down. Let me go."

"I don't see," said John, laughing, "why I am to let you go and be knocked down instead of me. But, my dear, there is no danger; burglars do not come and ring the bell and ask to be let in like a morning visitor. It must be the policeman."

"Ah, poor man! I dare say with his head knocked to pieces with a life-preserver, and all over kicks and bites. But, perhaps, he is only come to tell us the house is on fire," said Mrs. Hopkinson, with a sudden accession of cheerfulness. "I should not mind that, anything is better than robbers. Oh, John, now don't put your head out so far, those ticket-of-leave men fire in all directions. And do keep calling out Thomas and John, and I will answer in a gruff voice," said poor Mrs. Hopkinson, who was so terrified her whisper could scarcely be heard.

"My dear," said John, withdrawing his head, "there is nothing to be alarmed at. It is Lord Chester; Lady Chester is taken ill, and he wants you to go to her."

"And so that is all," said Mrs. Hopkinson, instantly beginning to dress. "Ah, poor soul, of course I will. Well, now, this is neighbourly of them, and I take it very kindly their sending for me. Why, they are two babies themselves, and they can't know what to do with a third."

The snobbish fat lady is a certain Baroness Sampson, the wife of a certain Jewish *millionaire* in the City, who is discovered at the end of the book not to be a *millionaire*, and decamps. This lady is not, indeed, asked to the Queen's balls, but intends to bring her Majesty "to her senses next year," and lives upon that pretension in the mean time. That she pretends to know persons whom she has never seen, and is very anxious to know people who will upon no account know her, it is not necessary for us to relate.

One defect of the lesson not to object to a "semi-detached house" is that it will not make a plot of itself. The authoress of the book, wishing to have a plot, like other novelists, has been obliged to annex one from other sources. She has not, however, thought it worth while to look out for a complicated one. The hero is a certain man named Willis, who has lost his wife, and trades on his disconsolateness ever after. He really makes a great deal of it in general society. Much attention is paid him by way of relief, and the minor comforts of life are constantly offered to him by way of compensation. These, however, he resists, and perseveres in his unconquerable depression, naturally feeling that while it obtained him so many pleasant things it would be foolish to relinquish it. There is one pursuit in life in which a conspicuous grief for a deceased wife is likely to be rather an incumbrance than a help—and that is, the wooing of a second. In Mr. Willis's case the difficulty is increased by his having selected a matter-of-fact young lady who works out her ideas with unusual distinctness. "Either," she says to Mr. Willis, "you do not still care for your late wife, for whom you are in the deepest mourning, or you do not care for me. If you like me, leave off your mourning; if you must keep your mourning, leave me alone. Either your love is false or your grief is false; please make your selection." Mr. Willis is logician enough to feel the force of this reasoning, and ceases to be disconsolate.

We do not know whether such a plot was intended to be anything; but it is nothing. No art could spin much out of so slight a material. Besides, the moment Mr. Willis ceases to be mournful, he ceases to be anything. He has, in other respects, no more character than the mute in a funeral. He displays all through the book one trait, and one only. The moment he loses that, he vanishes in our fancy entirely. As this is the case, we need not say that the merit of the book does not lie in the story, but in its sparkling dialogue, its good subsidiary characters, and its cheerful and habitual good sense.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

LAST NIGHT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN'S MANAGEMENT.
ON MONDAY will be presented DYING FOR LOVE. After which Shakspeare's Historical Play of KING HENRY THE EIGHTH. Cardinal Wolsey, by Mr. C. KEAN; Queen Katherine, by Mrs. C. KEAN. To conclude with IF THE CAP FITS. Commencing at Seven o'clock. On the conclusion of "King Henry the Eighth" Mr. C. KEAN will deliver a FAREWELL ADDRESS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK

ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD.
Monday, August 29th.—Open at Nine. Summer Poultry Show and Display of Great Fountains.

The Poultry Show will be continued on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Admission each Day, One Shilling; Children under Twelve, Sixpence.

Friday.—Open at Ten. Admission as above.
Saturday.—Open at Ten. Concert. Admission Half-a-Crown; Children, One Shilling.

Display of Upper Series of Fountains Daily, and Performances by the Company's Band, and on the Great Organ, at Intervals.

Half-a-Guinea Season Tickets may now be had, available from 1st September, 1859, to 30th April, 1860.
Sunday.—Open at Half-past One, to Shareholders, gratuitously, by Tickets.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT FOUNTAINS.—On Monday next, August 29th, the whole System of Waterworks, including the Cascades, Waterfalls, Dancing Fountains, Water Temples, Basket Fountains, the Nine Basins of the Upper Series, and the numerous Jets of the Grand Lower Basins, will be displayed at Half-past Four o'clock precisely. Also, First Day of Summer Poultry Show. Open at Nine. Admission One Shilling; Children under Twelve, Sixpence.

MR. JOHN BENNETT'S NEW LECTURES.—

MR. JOHN BENNETT, F.R.A.S., Member of the National Academy of Paris, is prepared to receive applications for ENGAGEMENTS for his NEW LECTURES on—1. "The Chronometer—its Past, Present, and Future;" and, 2. "A Month among the Watchmakers of Switzerland;" or for those on "The Watch," and "Woman and Watchwork." The Lectures will be profusely illustrated by Models, Diagrams, and Specimens of Clocks and Watches.—Applications to JOHN BENNETT, Watch Manufactory, 65, Cheapside.

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INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.
The WINTER SESSION of the FACULTIES of ARTS, MEDICINE, ENGINEERING, and AGRICULTURE, will commence on MONDAY, OCTOBER 3rd.

The system of study pursued at the College constitutes a complete course of education (with Collegiate discipline) in Arts, Science, Medicine, Law, and Theology, without residence elsewhere; and the courses of the different Faculties are recognised by the Universities of London and Durham (with both of which the College is connected); by the different Medical Examining Boards; and by those of Her Majesty's Army, Navy, and Indian Services.

The College is empowered by Royal Charter to confer a Diploma in Engineering. Agricultural students are prepared by a special course of study for the Examination of the Royal Highland Agricultural Society.

Students in the Junior Department of Medicine are prepared for the Matriculation Examinations of the University of London, College of Surgeons, Apothecaries' Hall, &c. Those who reside in College may receive indentures of apprenticeship without premium.

For further information and prospectuses application may be made to the Dean of the Faculty; or to Dr. BOND, Hon. Sec. to the Medical Faculty, Queen's College.

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Director—Sir RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, D.C.L., M.A., F.R.S., &c.

During the Session 1859-60, which will commence on the 3rd October, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry. By A. W. HOPMANN, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.
2. Metallurgy. By JOHN PERCY, M.D., F.R.S.
3. Natural History. By T. H. HUXLEY, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy. By WASHINGTON W. SMYTH, M.A., F.R.S.
5. Mining. By A. C. RAMSAY, F.R.S.
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